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Issue
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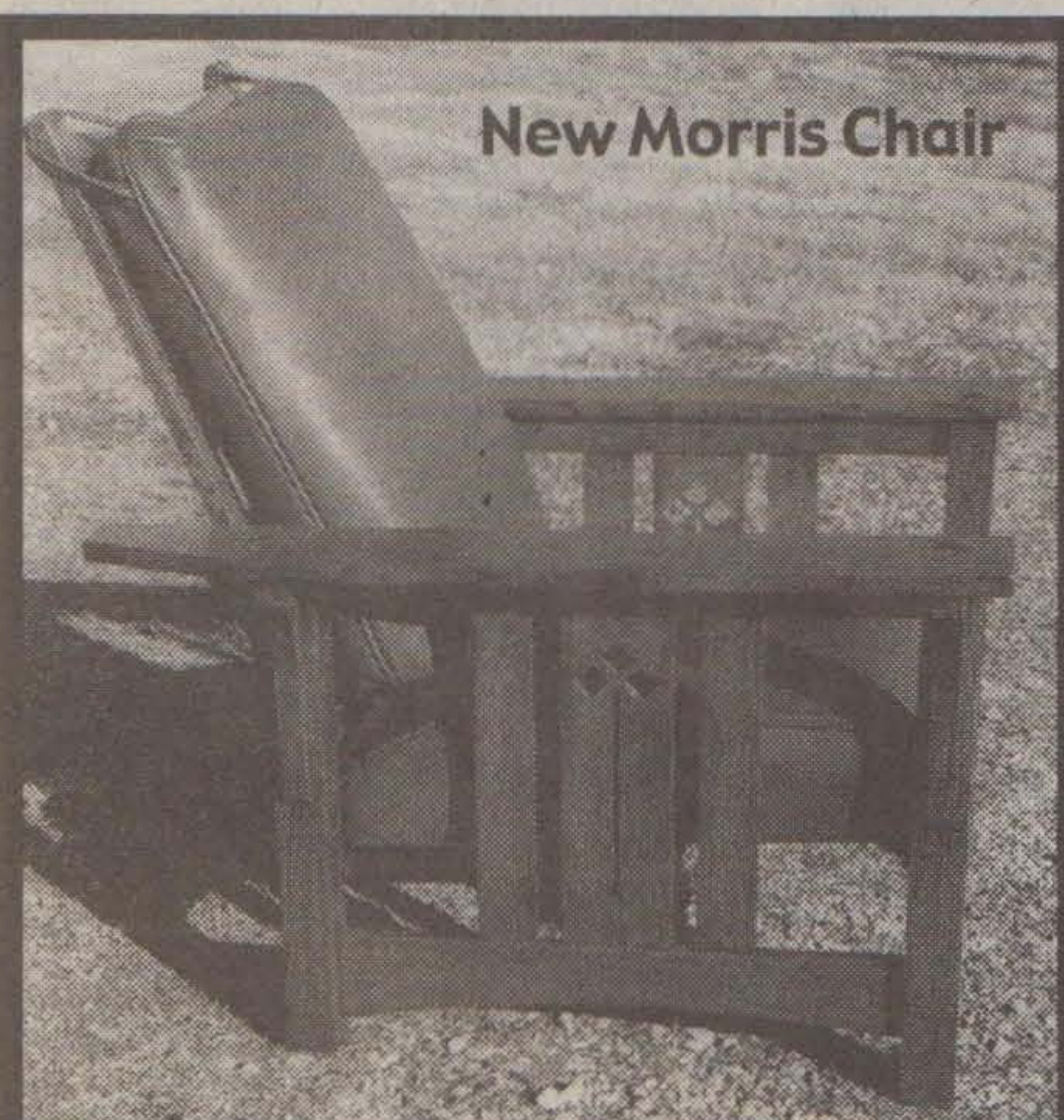
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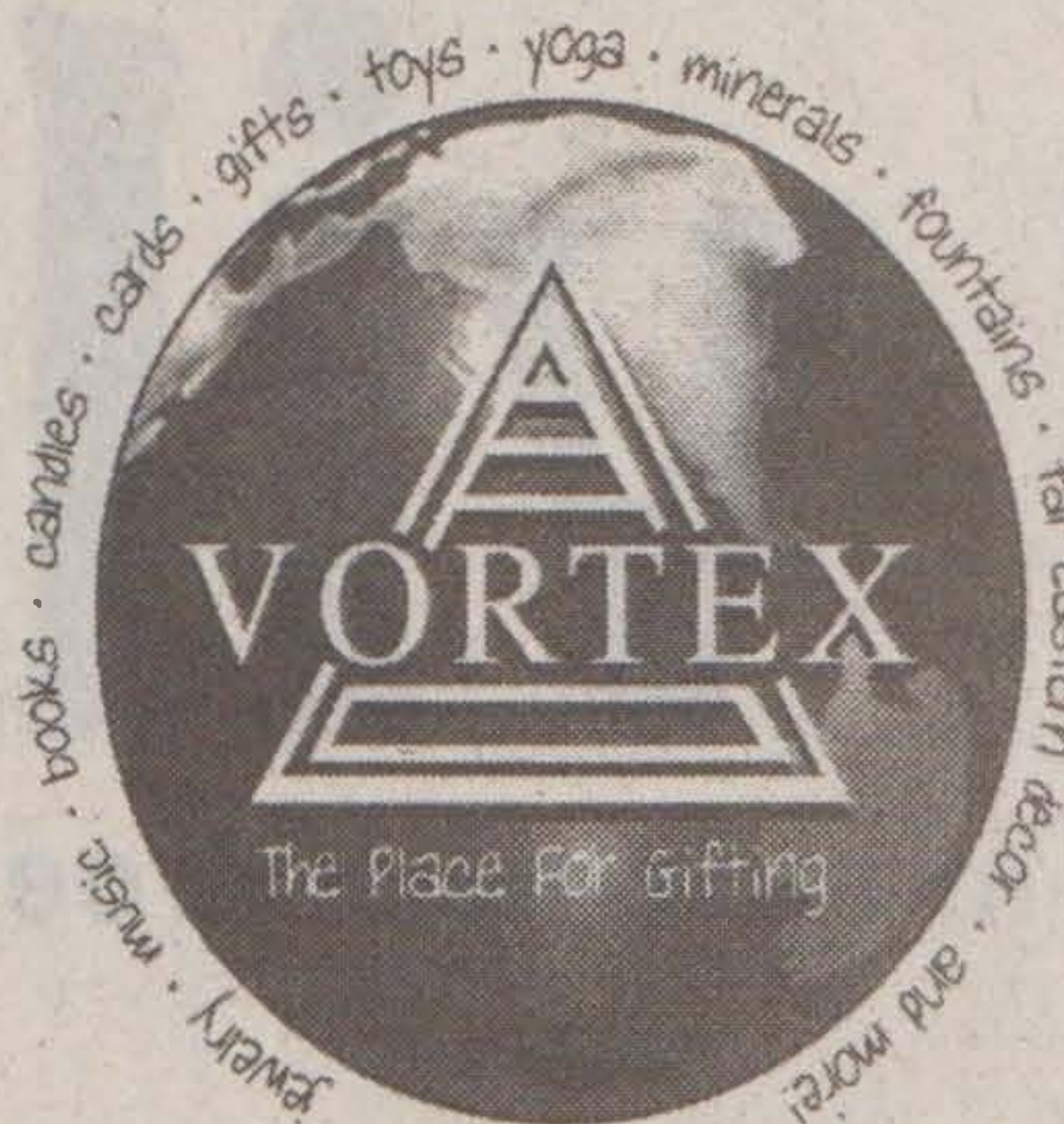
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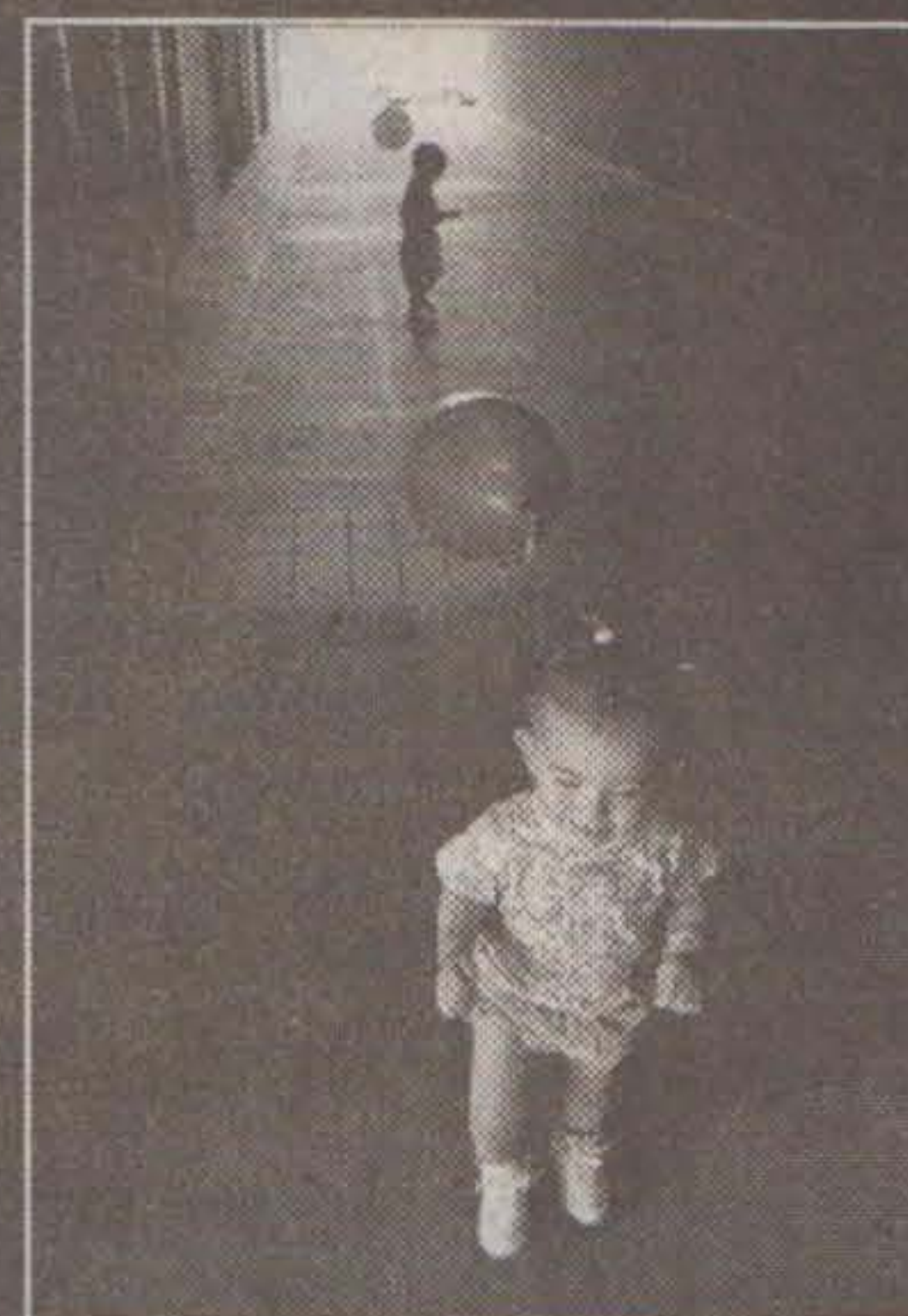
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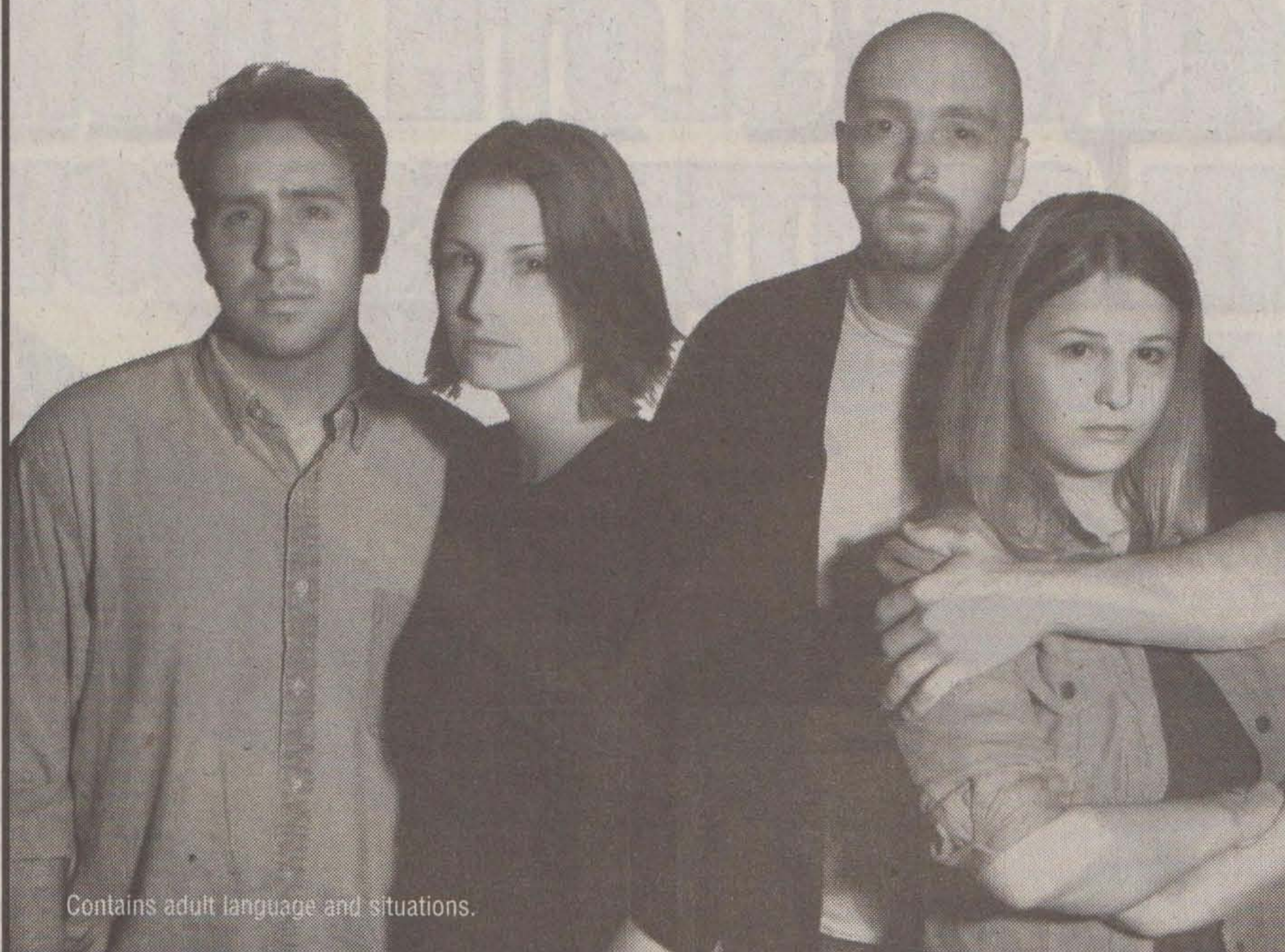
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Contains adult language and situations.

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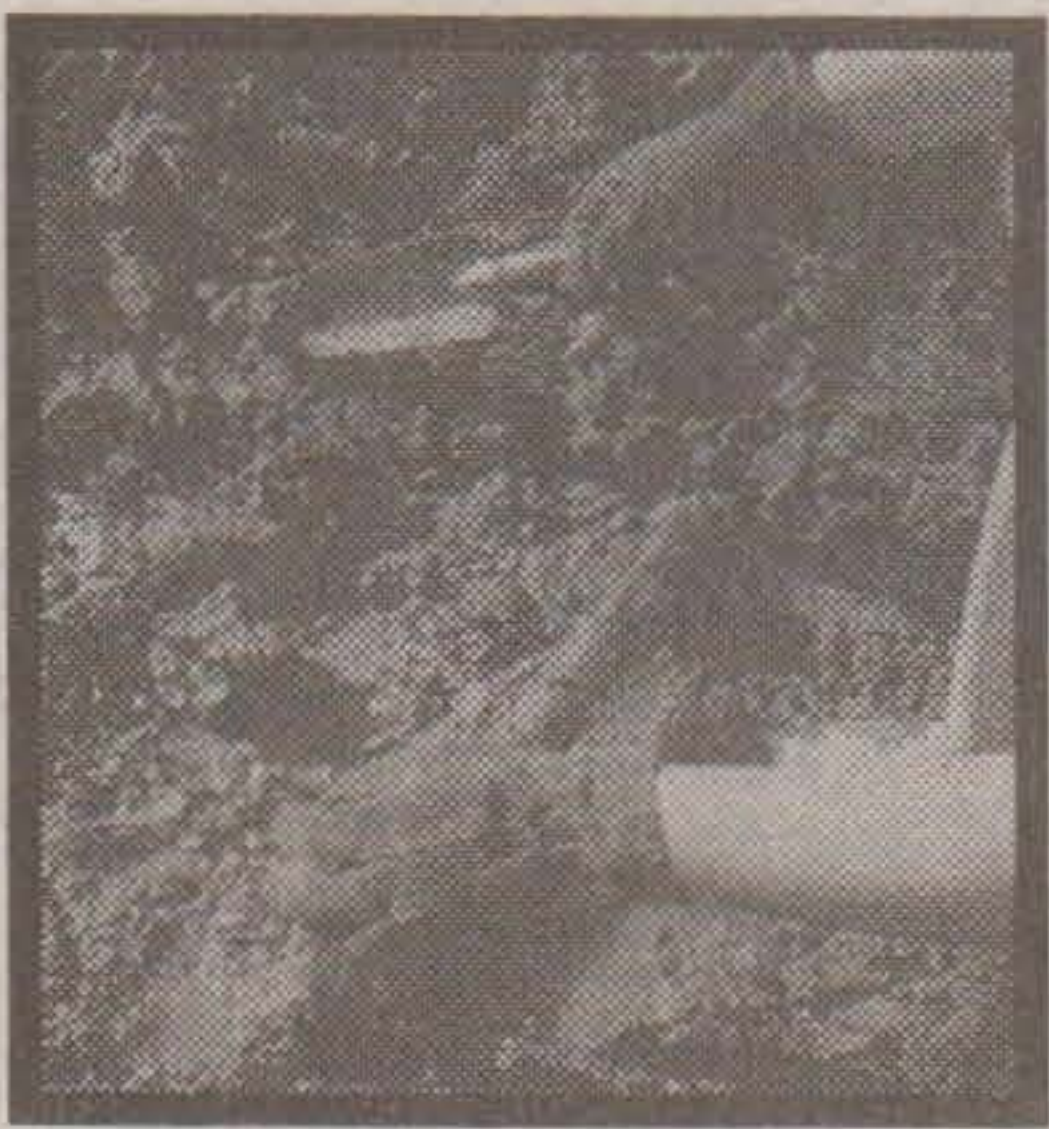
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little village

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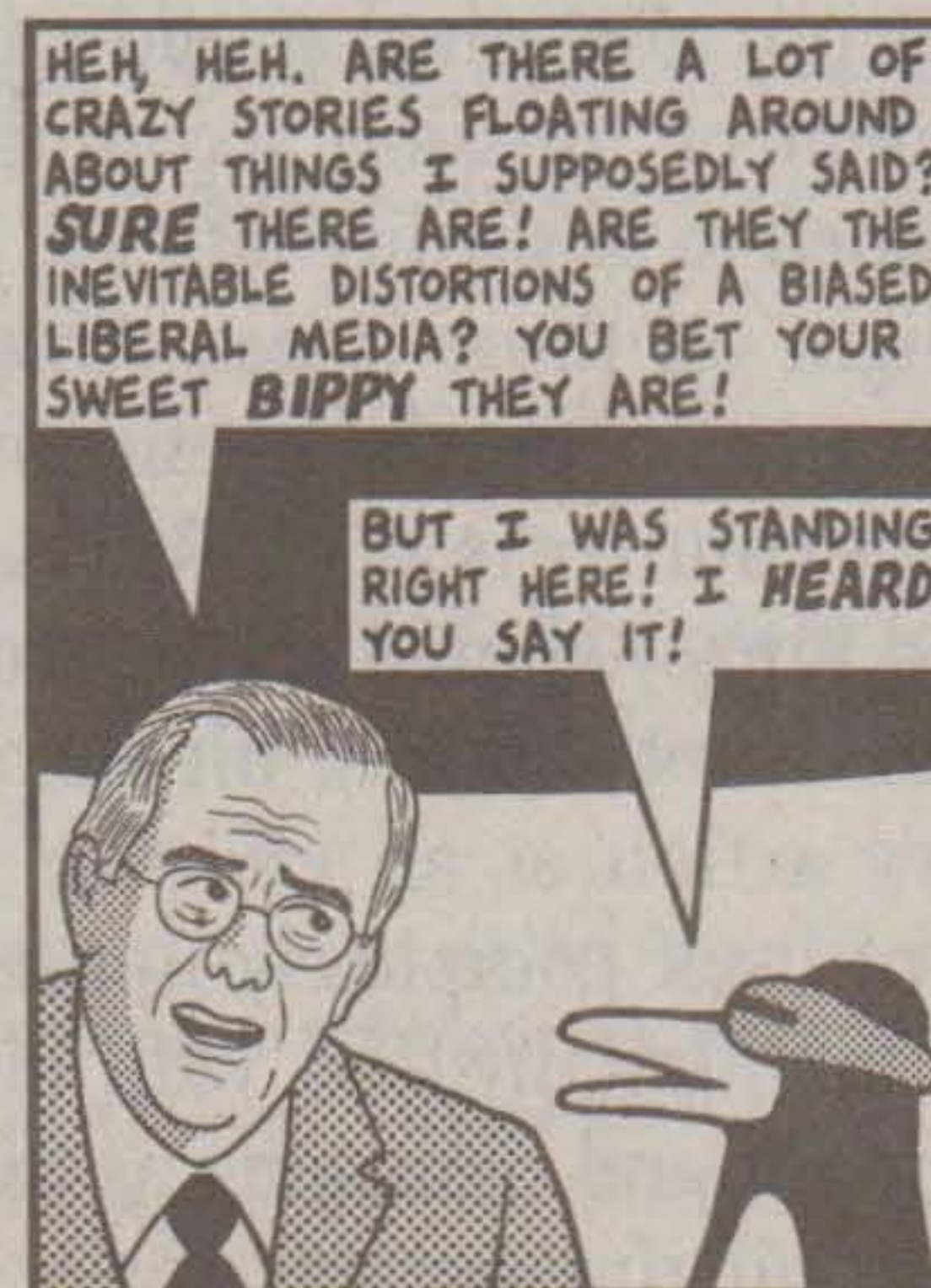
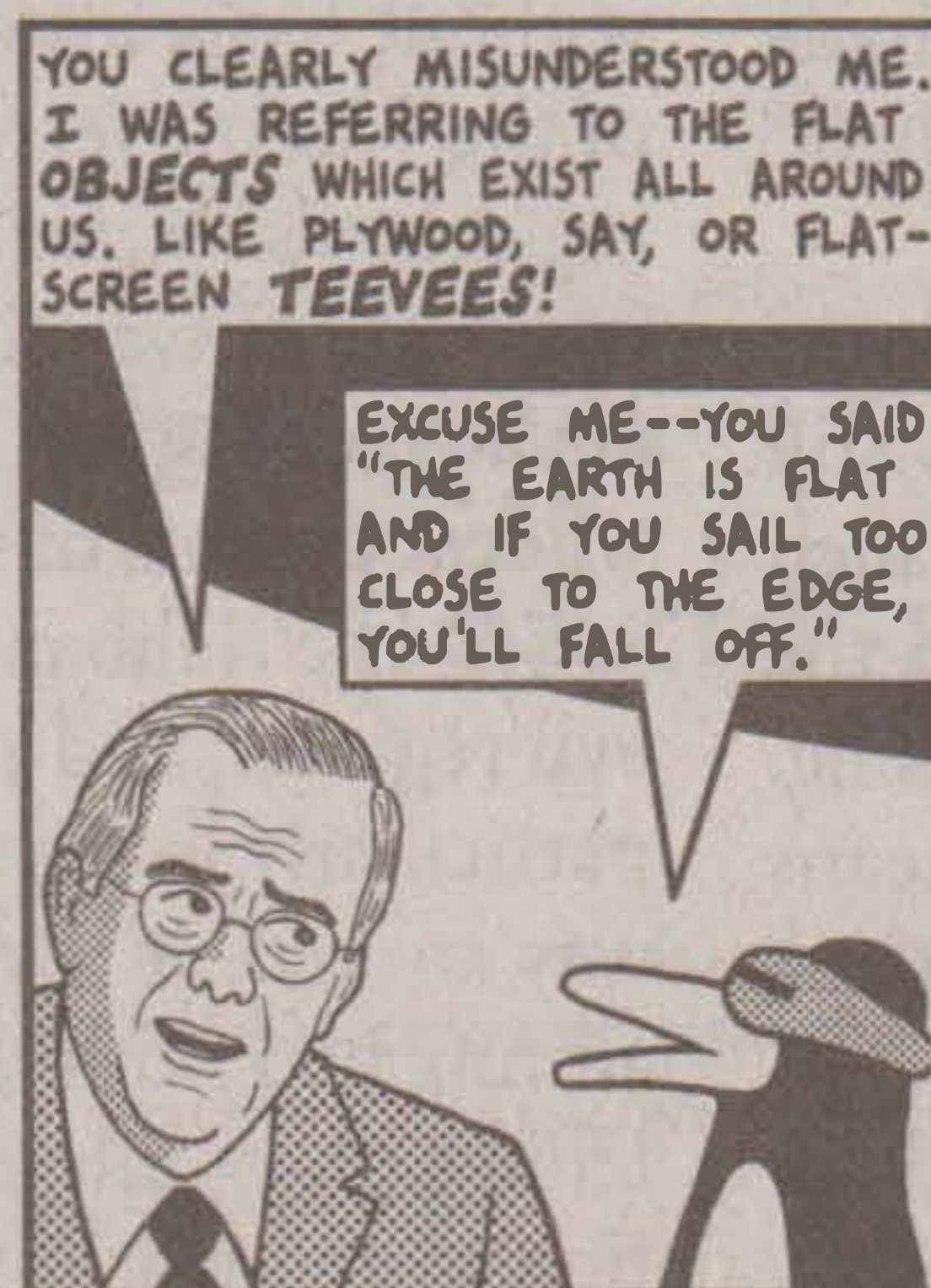
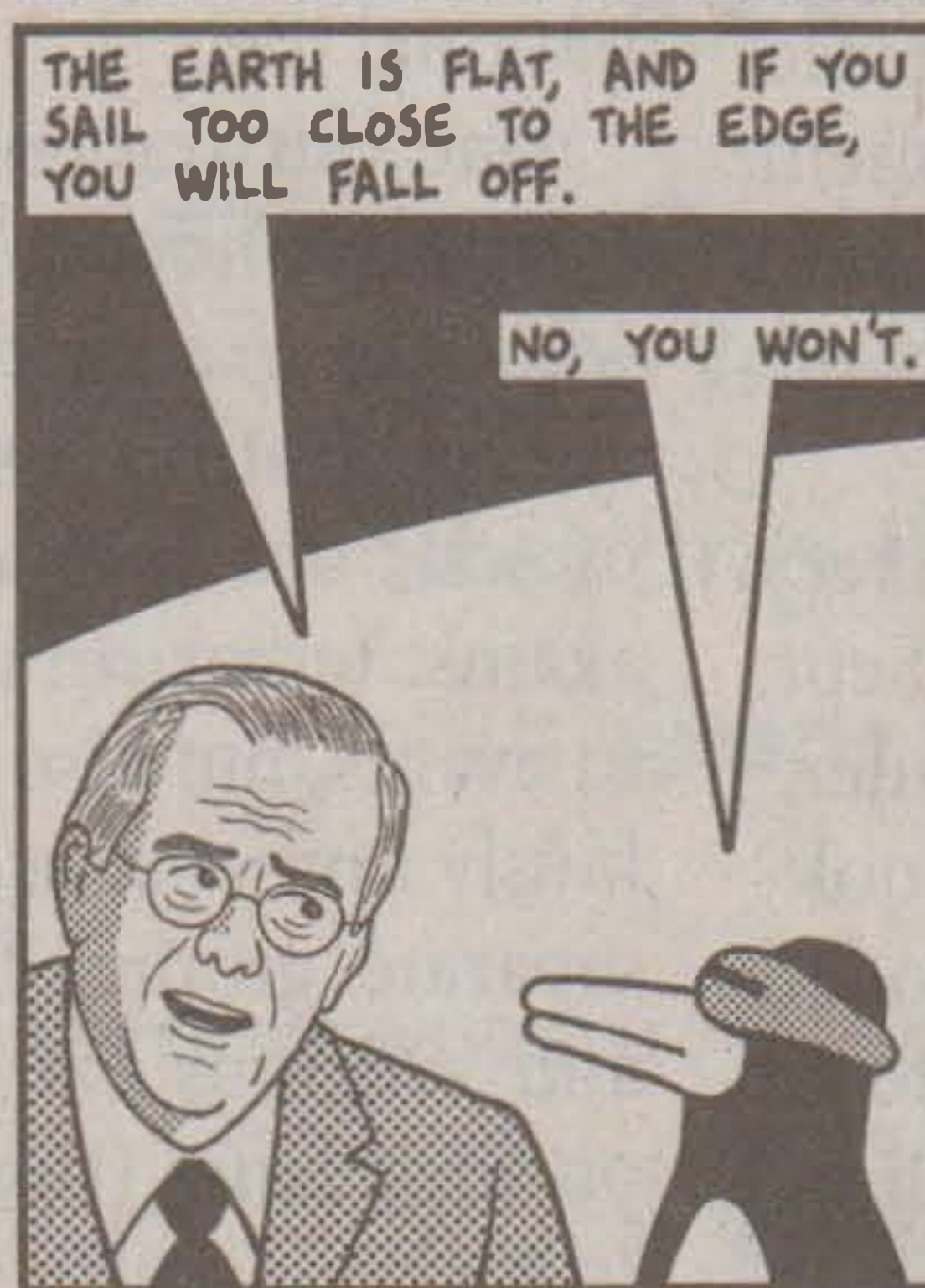
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THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



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The War on Common Sense

President Bush's mid-September address to the nation concerning our ongoing involvement in Iraq counts as classic Bush, a stirring exhortation to the country and the world to stay the course in an Iraq that he described as the new central front in the ongoing War on Terror. Our continued success in this effort, he said, is vital to the security of both the nation and the world.

There was one rather stark contrast to the classic Bush speeches of the past, however—this time, almost nobody bought it. Bush's poll numbers, which had been on a downward trend for most of the summer, plummeted in earnest, particularly those concerning his handling of Iraq and foreign policy in general. Part of this might be described as sticker shock—Bush used the speech to announce another \$87 billion in expenditures on Iraq and Afghanistan, a figure several members of the administration spent the next few weeks insinuating might be far too low. (Low or not, it raises the projected deficit to \$525 billion, a figure many economists and government analysts also warn may be far too low.) A greater part, though—and if true a genuinely heartening development—may be that the president's credibility is at last well and truly shot.

If so, it has been an exceptionally long time coming. From the very beginning, since the unprecedented and shocking attacks of Sept. 11, 2001 turned an incipient national joke into a "wartime leader," the American people have followed the president through the looking glass and beyond. After two years of meaningless color-coded alerts, nonexistent weapons of mass destruction, duct tape defense tips, "coalition forces" consisting of 95 percent Americans, million-dollar book deals for amnesiac rescued prisoners of war, and a death toll that keeps increasing long after our costumed president made his impressively staged announcement of "mission accomplished," Americans have at long last succumbed to absurdity fatigue.

Having allowed in a bit of daylight on those issues, Americans should exercise their newfound skepticism on the president's still much touted central thesis—that this country is at WAR. That such a bumper crop of above-mentioned lunacy should spring from the fertile ground of the War on Terror is not the least bit surprising. The concept of large-scale military action as an effective means of countering terrorism is in and of itself completely nonsensical, roughly equivalent to sending an infantry division with air support after a computer virus. As heinous and damaging as the 9/11 attacks were, they were not in any meaningful way acts of war—they were acts of terror, criminal acts committed by a group of stateless

The War on Terror, as Bush has defined it, is completely unwinnable, and his determination to prosecute it is in many ways a greater threat to our national security than another terrorist attack on US soil could ever be.

undercover operatives bent on disrupting and undermining our national life.

Had our leadership responded to these criminal acts as criminal acts, responded to terrorism with counter-terrorist measures, we would be in a much different situation as a nation. Instead, the Bush administration responded to the events of 9/11 with a declaration of war, not just against the perpetrators of the attacks, but also against terrorism itself. This was not just an inappropriate response to events, but also an inappropriate response to events on a ridiculously immense scale. The idea that world terrorism—thousands of separate groups representing every possible ideological, political and religious extreme, spread out through almost every country on the planet (this one included—remember Oklahoma City)—is something that we can effectively wage war against is completely without basis historically or strategically. By accepting the premise of the War on Terror, with Afghanistan and Iraq as merely the opening skirmishes, we are accepting the premise of involving our nation in a state of war that will never, ever end. Having done so, we have already disrupted and undermined our national life beyond the wildest dreams of the 9/11 attackers.

Yes, the Taliban and the Hussein regime were by any standard evil regimes, and yes, we did kick their shit pretty good. But it was, particularly in the case of Iraq, the wrong shit to kick, and the wrong way to kick it. By invading Iraq—which even the president now admits had nothing whatsoever to do with the 9/11 attacks—after telling every international diplomatic and criminal justice institution in the world to stick their international laws and their quaint ideas of national sovereignty where the sun don't shine, we became

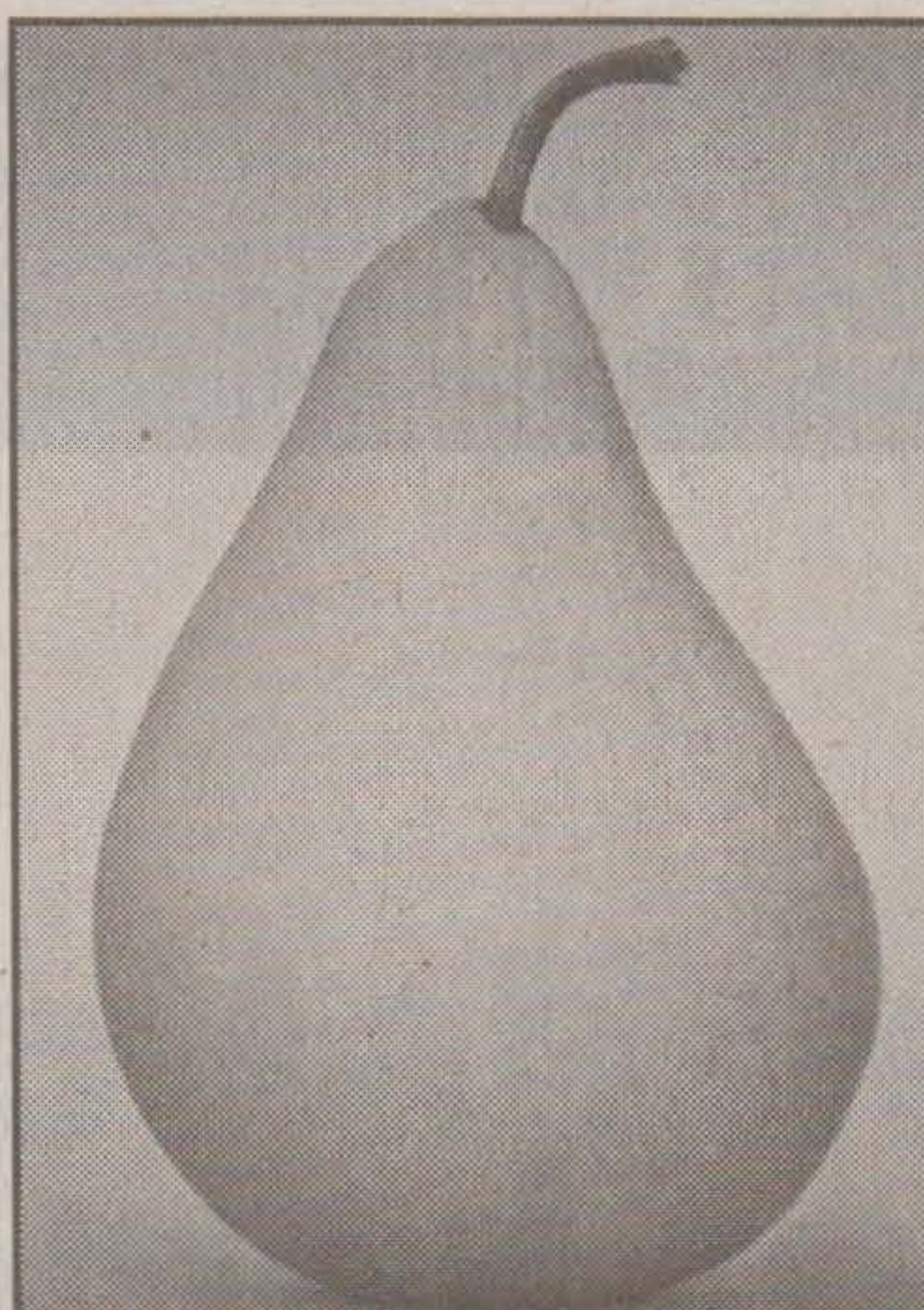
the powerful, arrogant, heedless force the 9/11 hijackers thought they were striking against. Far from "draining the swamp," we created a thousand martyrs, and through them a thousand thousand new terrorists and terrorist sympathizers.

This is the War on Terror, the war that our president tells us we must "do what is necessary, spend what is necessary" to win. It is, as he has defined it, completely unwinnable, and his determination to prosecute it is in many ways a greater threat to our national security than another terrorist attack on US soil could ever be. In pursuit of this Chimera, we are bankrupting our government, depleting our military, ignoring our domestic security needs, alienating the world community, and replenishing the great stores of anger and hatred that fuel enmity against us.

Ours is not, as the president and his minions would have us believe, a choice between war and capitulation. It is instead a choice between pursuing "at any cost" a grandiose and unsustainable ideological fantasy and devoting our national resources to the sensible pursuit of our genuine national interests. It is a choice between realistically defending America and no longer having an America left to defend. LV



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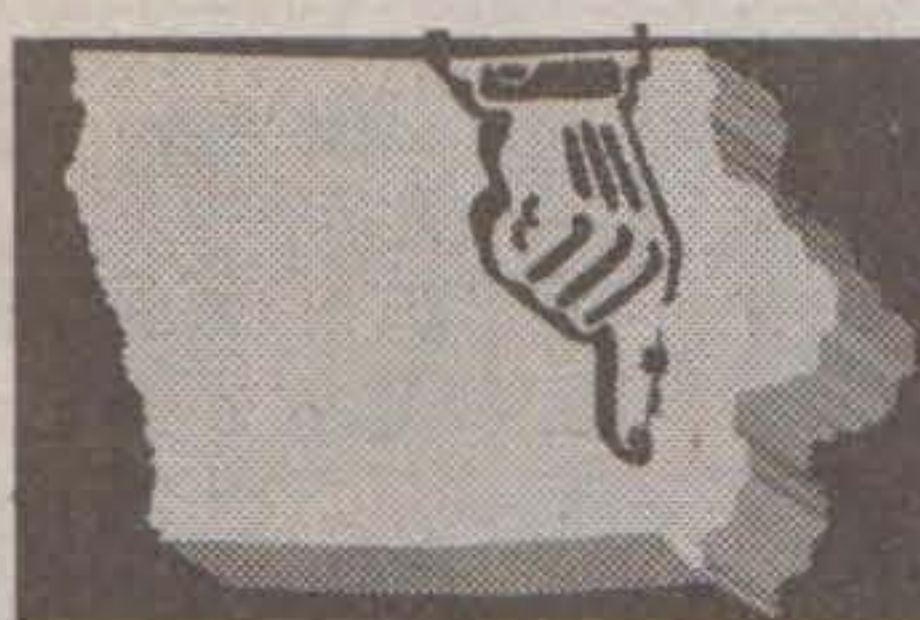
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The spirit of home along the Mormon Trek

On an early October day, I am walking a path with my family along Iowa City's Mormon Handcart Park (just off Mormon Trek Boulevard near the Hawkeye Court University Apartments). Although Mormonism is galaxies away from my personal beliefs and experiences, I am deeply touched by what happened here in 1856. In that year, Iowa City was the terminus of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, the last outpost of modern transport for Westward migrants. Brigham Young had been in Utah since 1847, overseeing the massive migration of Mormons to their new-found holy ground. This spot on what is now called Clear Creek became the staging ground for thousands of Mormons on their pilgrimage to the great Salt Lake. Literally at the end of the line of the railroad, these intrepid devotees took up hand carts to walk the remaining 1,200 miles of their quest, hauling their families and life belongings across the prairies to the foot of the Rocky Mountains over the course of four months.

These devout people were in search of home, a place where they could live their lives of spirit in peace. Their road to home was full of tragedy and violence. Just 100 miles southwest of here, on the banks of the Mississippi, lies Nauvoo, Ill., the site of an earlier Mormon colony, established after persecution drove the latter-day saints out of Missouri. After developing the 10th-largest city in the nation there, Joseph Smith, the first of Mormon saints, was assassinated in his new-found community in 1844. The city was completely evacuated of Mormons in 1846, and the gorgeous temple atop a bluff over the greatest of American rivers was burned to the ground by enraged locals who feared the encroachment of a new social, political and spiritual power in "their" town. (The temple has been rebuilt and opened just a year or so ago.)

Ten years later, in 1856, undaunted, hundreds of Mormons continued to flow into the Midwest, to this spot where I stand today nearly 150 years later—only this time to embark on a perilous journey to their new home in Utah, a dwelling place borne of uncompromising spirit of devotion and tenacity of will. If anyone has something to teach about going home, it's the Mormons.

Over the course of the next two years, more than 1,000 pioneers staged their Westward trek from this very spot. I find it difficult to imagine the hardships they were to face. Today is a perfect early autumn day. The sun warms us at an ideal 75 degrees. The crisp golden hues of the enveloping fall trees almost sparkle as the breeze jostles branches into motion. The dry smells and sounds of fallen leaves sweetly burn our nostrils a bit. Sylvia and Nathaniel, my young children, gallop along the path ahead of us, finding small benches in cozy cul-de-sacs to sit on. The ghosts of expectant homeseekers a century and a half past sing a descant to this bucolic fall scene. Adding to the preciousness of these sensations is the fact that the landscape that surrounds us on this trail—the oaks, hickories, maples and basswoods on the slopes of this tiny riverbed, as well as the bloodroot, phlox and bluebells that are dying away toward winter—remains mostly intact from the days of the mid-19th century. That is rare in Iowa, where only one-tenth of one percent of the native prairie landscape remains with us today at the beginning of the 21st century.

Despite the tranquility of this natural beauty, and the song lines of home that are scored through this landscape, historical markers remind us of sacrifice and tragedy as we retrace the steps of encamped

Mormons. For two months in each year of 1856 and 1857, a bustling mini-city filled with excitement as the pilgrims prepared their carts. But at least half a dozen of those seekers died at camp, resting now forever right beneath our feet. Near-starvation threatened many of the pioneers before they reached Salt Lake. An early winter storm in what is now Wyoming killed dozens.

Although the Mormons did not seek out this place in Iowa as home, nor root themselves here, this spot resonates with the strongest possible desire for purposeful place. In the most fundamental and deepest ways, it speaks to me of my place here in my home, in Iowa City, Iowa. In this park, the spirits of the Mormons in search of home sing overtones of the blessing of place.

The spiritual pilgrims I honor today have found home far west of here. I am grateful that I find myself rooted to this middle spot today, in Iowa, where my crossing with the Mormons' heritage grounds me where I belong. LV

Although the Mormons did not seek out this place in Iowa as home, nor root themselves here, this spot resonates with the strongest possible desire for purposeful place.



When capitalism meets food

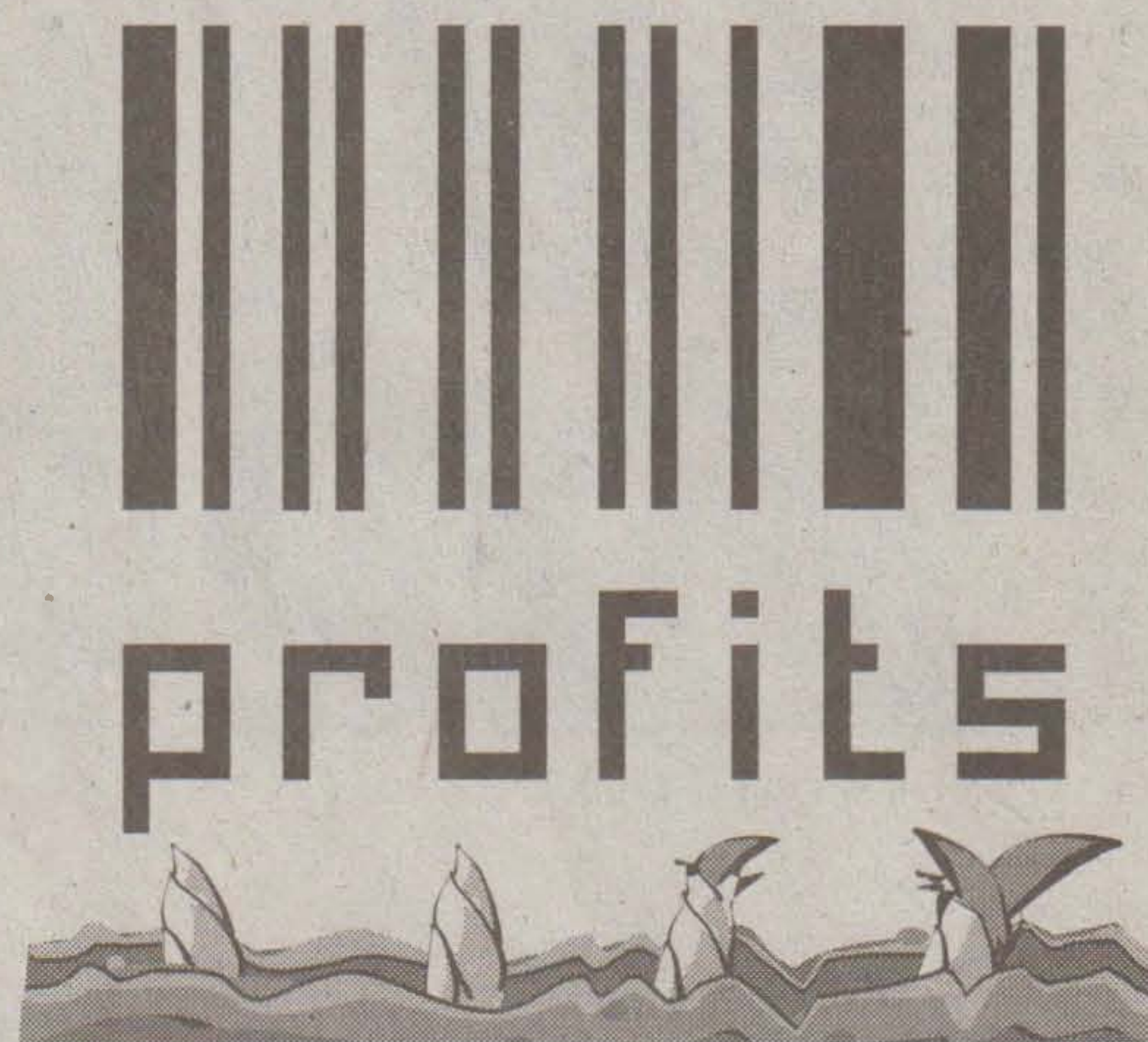
The primary purpose of capitalism is that it perpetuate itself in the most efficient manner available. One needs money to make money, which in turn, of course, makes more money or is lost to someone else who uses it to make money.

When food meets capitalism, however, one system or the other is going to get damaged. The assembly line is great for making cars or microchips, where each one being identical in every way to the previous one and the subsequent one is considered an asset. Conversely, it is precisely a food's uniqueness that provides not just interesting, pleasurable flavor but also nutritional value and cultural importance.

Capitalism has, as its central tenet, the law of supply and demand. Once again, a good thing for microchips, but something that does serious damage to the food supply and the planet when it comes to food. Take for example the Patagonian Toothfish. A native of the Pacific Ocean off the coast of South America, the fish had been prized for centuries by native fisherman for its delicate, pearl-white flesh, its abundance, and the relative ease with which it could be caught. As global trade wormed its way toward the region in the last quarter of the 20th century, fishermen began to think that perhaps they could export some of this fish to wealthy Americans and others who would pay dearly for it.

The problem, though, was one of demand. The squeamish Americans were not interested in something called a "toothfish." Enter the marketing geniuses, who promptly renamed the fish "Chilean Sea Bass," creating an instant sensation in gourmet restaurants the world over. Now we have one of capitalism's great dilemmas, wherein demand outpaces supply. Prices rose until the industry found a way to increase production. Unfortunately, for the fish, this was accomplished by harvesting younger fish, less than 8 years old. The Patagonian Toothfish cannot reproduce until it has reached maturity, which takes about eight years. As a result, the fishery has been decimated and the species may be extinct in just a few years, which is a real shame—least of all because it's a tasty fish.

These modern industrial and economic models reduce food to a commodity. Capitalism becomes problematic when it comes to food because people can only eat so much. The market can only expand at the same rate as the population. The market answers this quandary by putting less and less food in the food, requiring people to eat more in order to be sated. But then demand outstrips supply and the costs of production go up as the quality spirals downward. The answer to this? Like any other troubled American industry, move it overseas. Land and labor are cheap in third world countries wallowing in first world debt. Transportation is cheap compared to the costs of growing close to the point of consumption because fuel prices are kept in line by the same corporate subsidy system that strengthens the agro-industrial complex at the expense of the local family farmer.



Food should not and need not be a commodity like crude oil. Our food is ourselves, and anything we can do to improve our food automatically improves ourselves.

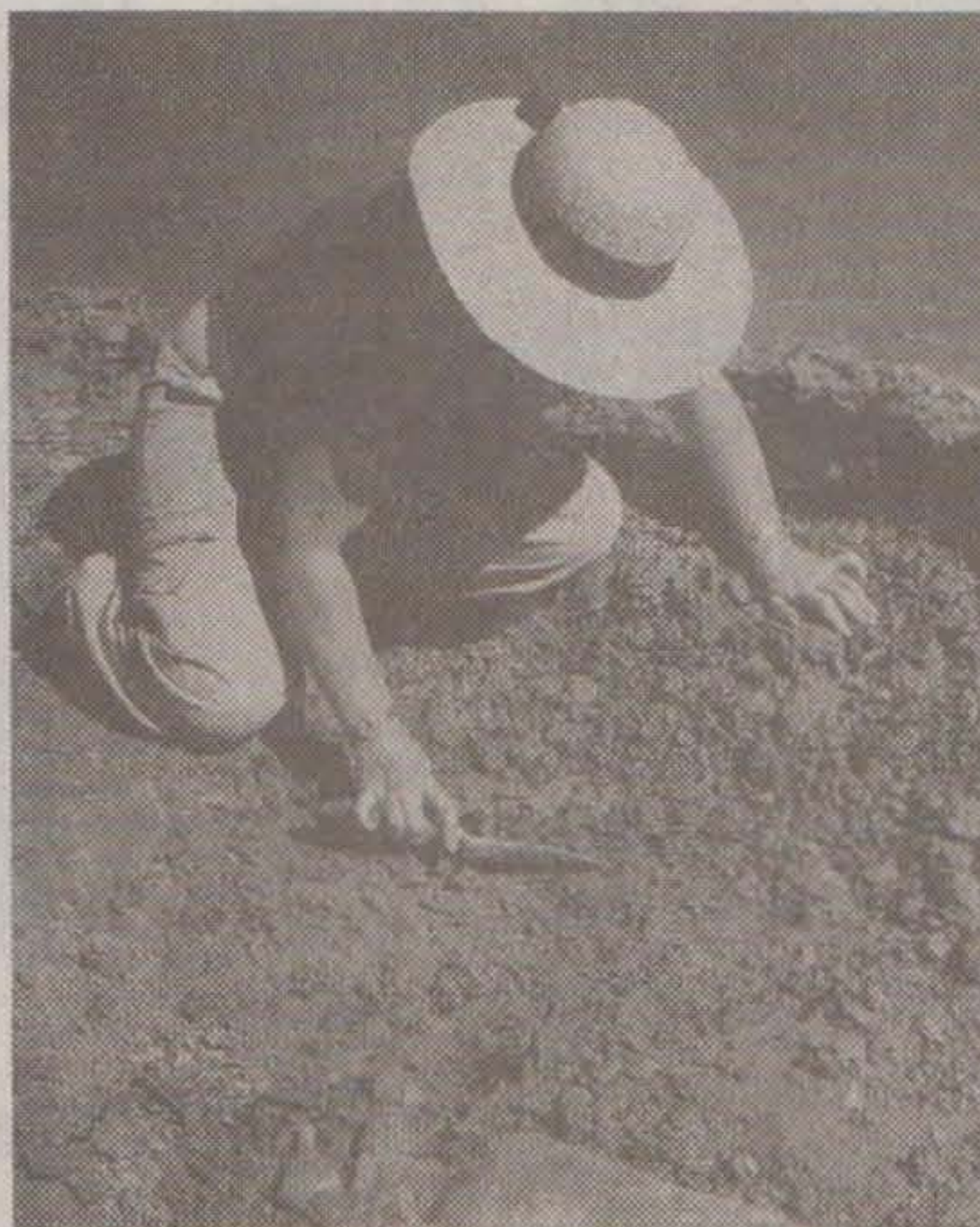
Food should not and need not be a commodity like crude oil. Our food is ourselves, and anything we can do to improve our food automatically improves ourselves. This is just as true when it comes to the cost of our food—cheapen it and we cheapen ourselves. Industry has convinced everyone that food is fuel—pull over, fill the tank, get moving again. This sort of brainwashing has led us to become a culture that mistakes frenzy for efficiency, and most people do not pursue any alternative because they "don't have the time" to cook or to garden or to shop at the farmers market. The supermarket is just easier, the drive-thru is just quicker.

If we truly are what we eat, then Americans could best be described as fast, cheap and easy. "In our molecules and in our dreams, we really are what we eat," wrote naturalist Gary Paul Nabhan. "Eating close to home is not just a matter of convenience, it is an act of deeply sensual, cultural, and environmental significance."

Reducing food to a commodity is as repugnant as the smarmy TV evangelists who make a profit from people's faith. Food is every bit as important, and as spiritual, as faith. Treating it with callous disregard and offhanded apathy will have, in fact already has had, dire consequences for our society, our health and our planet. **LV**

The Next Big Thing

Charles Monson



Images from the September dig in Southwest Iowa.

The UI Museum of Natural History's first new expedition in 80 years could be turning up one of the most exciting vertebrate fossil finds in Iowa history: a complete ground sloth skeleton. But first a team of excavators has to fight the mud, heat and Super 8's of the Nishnabotna River valley to retrieve it—bone by bone.

One day in summer 2002, a farmer in southwest Iowa was walking a creekbed when he noticed an odd bone sticking out of the mud. The farmer got a thin metal rod and began using it to probe the gray clay that underlay the bank. When he hit something hard, he'd dig it out. More pieces soon appeared. When the growing season ended, the farmer and his wife spent evenings gluing bone fragments together. They still didn't know exactly what they had, but they knew it was something special...and they were certain that there were still more pieces waiting to be found.

That winter, the farmer's wife and daughter stopped by the University of Iowa Paleontology Repository with some of their reconstructed fossils. Curator Julie Golden called in emeritus professor Holmes Semken, who immediately recognized them as pieces of a huge Ice Age mammal called a giant ground sloth. Semken puts the number of known sloth bones found in Iowa at 15 or 20, so the appearance of a box full of them was exciting enough in itself. But there was more: The box contained small bones as well

as large. This suggested that the specimen had not been "sorted"—in other words, it had not been subjected to fast-flowing water that would sweep away the small pieces while leaving the large ones behind. Visions of a complete ground sloth skeleton began to dance before Semken's eyes. If these visions came to pass, it would be one of the most exciting vertebrate fossil finds in Iowa history.

The John Malkovich of extinct animals

Giant ground sloths may have been big (some species were up to 20 feet long), but they've never been high-profile. True celebrity has evaded them, maybe because they're too offbeat to pigeonhole easily. You look at the scales and dagger teeth of a *Tyrannosaurus rex*, and right away you think, "Wow—big flesh-eating lizard." Ground sloths are harder to get a handle on. With their long arms and pug noses, they looked like a bizarre cross between a kangaroo, a bear and an orangutan. They're very interesting once you've been properly introduced to them, but few people will ask for them by name. If extinct animals were movie stars, *T. rex* would be Clint Eastwood, velociraptors would be Vin Diesel, and the giant ground sloth would be John Malkovich.

Eastern Iowa harbors an unusual number of sloth devotees, however, and that's partly thanks to Semken. He was on the planning committee for the University Museum of Natural History's Iowa Hall gallery, which opened in 1985. The plans called for a diorama portraying the Pleistocene Epoch, a geological period during which large parts of Iowa were often covered with glacial ice. Semken and his colleagues weren't interested in featuring a mammoth or some other well-known animal in their display. They wanted to choose something unusual from the Pleistocene menagerie of giant beavers, camels, dire wolves, and other



Rusty, the **giant sloth**, went on to become one of the university's most unusual ambassadors, inspiring a campus **political party** and planting the sloth meme in the minds of schoolchildren statewide.

UI Museum of Natural History

Rusty, the UI Museum of Natural History's famous ground sloth replica, may be counting his final days in the limelight.

“If extinct animals were movie stars, T. rex would be Clint Eastwood, velociraptors would be Vin Diesel, and the giant ground sloth would be John Malkovich.

oversized mammals. The museum's Ice Age collection included a skull cast of *Megalonyx jeffersonii* (the giant ground sloth named for Thomas Jefferson, who upon examining the pointed claws of a sloth concluded that the animal was an enormous predatory cat). Someone—probably Semken himself, although he doesn't remember for certain—got the idea to construct a *Megalonyx* replica for use as the centerpiece of the

diorama. The result was “Rusty,” a huge chunk of sloth-shaped Styrofoam decked out in red-dyed ox-tail fur.

Rusty went on to become one of the university's most unusual ambassadors, inspiring a campus political party and planting the sloth meme in the minds of schoolchildren statewide. Now Iowa Hall has a chance to host a real ground sloth. Semken and Iowa Hall program coordinator David Brenzel discussed the possibility of putting the prepared sloth bones on display next to Rusty. It would be a wonderful educational opportunity for museum staff and visitors alike, and a great way to increase attendance by introducing a major new exhibit. All that was needed was to get the thing out of the ground.

Don't ask. It's a secret.

When Semken first started talking up the sloth hunt around the geoscience


department, he was almost ebullient. “This specimen [is] apparently complete (or nearly so) and as such represents an almost unique occurrence,” read the departmental email. When I conducted a pre-dig interview with him, however, he was more cautious.

“The only thing you can predict is that it'll be unpredictable,” Semken said. “More than one time I've dug a magnificent empty hole. I went up north of Ames to dig up a mammoth, again by the streambed. Turns out most of the mammoth was where the stream is and had eroded away.”

Semken has been out to the sloth site a few times but didn't have the resources or the ability to do an extensive examination. He couldn't be certain yet what species the sloth was, exactly how old it was (10,000 to 20,000 years was his estimate), or how much of it was there.

“The whole sloth is the best-case

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BEER GARDEN

“ Russell spent two years traveling the high north, often by snow shoe or dogsled. He brought back musk ox hides, cultural artifacts, and an ultimately fatal case of tuberculosis. The museum’s first new expedition in 80 years faces milder dangers, mainly sunburn and deer ticks.

scenario,” he said. “Every little bone...the odds are pretty low. Of getting a lot of bone, I think the odds are very high.” The manner of the sloth’s demise will be important. If it died on land, “carnivores could have tugged at it” and dragged smaller pieces away with them. On the other hand, “if it fell in [water] and drowned, you could have the whole thing.”

Semken planned to do two expeditions: an initial reconnaissance jaunt early in September and a larger dig the following weekend. He was happy to allow the find to receive limited publicity, as long as I kept quiet about the location. “It’s on the Nishnabotna,” he told me later after consulting an atlas. “You could say that much. That could be 10 counties.” This is giving away virtually nothing that one couldn’t divine from research. A quick consultation of the *Proceedings of the Iowa Academy of Science* turns up a map of Iowa ground-sloth finds. Almost all were at the west end of the state.

This secrecy was necessary for several reasons. The creekbed is on a property line, so there were two owners involved. One of them was worried about liability (“Fair enough,” Semken said), and nobody who was involved wanted unsupervised amateurs tromping about the site. There are also good scientific reasons for guarding the locations of fossil caches: A bone extracted from its geological context by an amateur collector or vendor is a bone that is practically useless to a paleontologist. The soil that held the bones might contain pollen spores and other clues to the environment and time period within which the sloth lived.

Perhaps, if we were lucky, there would even be other megamammal fossils there. Semken used to teach a vertebrate paleo course that his students called “Cats, Rats, Moles and Voles,” so he knows the value of micromammal fossils as ecological indicators...but he also understands the gravitational pull of the jumbo critters. “A lot of us call the big animals the ‘Oh, my’ animals,” Semken said. “People will travel several hundred miles to see ‘Sue’ or a mammoth, but they’re not going to do that to see a mounted mouse.”

Day 1: Small bites, excellent salmon

Between the late 1880s and early 1920s,

the UI Museum of Natural History regularly dispatched specimen-gathering expeditions. Students and professors collected bugs in New Mexico, dredged up crinoids from tropical seas, and shot birds on Laysan Island (near Hawaii). A coed group of 21 students and instructors enjoyed a three-month sea cruise to the Bahamas in 1893. Graduate student Frank Russell apparently drew the short straw. When the Bahamas boat sailed, he was in the Canadian Arctic, having embarked on a solo expedition the year before. Russell spent two years traveling the high north, often by snow shoe or dogsled. He brought back musk ox hides, cultural artifacts, and an ultimately fatal case of tuberculosis.

The museum’s first new expedition in 80 years faces milder dangers, mainly sunburn and deer ticks. On a Friday evening in early September, several undergraduate museum workers and I climb into a UI motor-pool minivan chauffeured by Brenzel. The others are taken aback that I’m the only paleontology grad student coming along for the initial dig, but I’m not surprised. Most of the other grads will be putting in full days on Saturday and Sunday, grading papers, tending to their research, and reading impenetrable papers with titles like “Speciation and its Ontology.”

The daylight portion of the drive takes us through the Southern Iowa Drift Plain, a large expanse of rolling hills that escaped the crushing advance of the most recent glaciation. Here, loess—wind-blown rock powder, pulverized by glaciers—covers a layer of drift, soil and rock fragments left in the wake of earlier glaciers.

These areas are not densely populated. Faulty Yahoo directions get us lost, and we spend hours after nightfall on dark and hushed roads that are rarely marred by conspicuous signs of human habitation. Apart from the occasional tiny farmhouse and the crumbling highway, there is only the gentle rise and swell of the hills about us. Surrounded by ancient landforms draped in the ghosts of old rocks, it’s easy to imagine that we are traveling back to the Pleistocene itself.

Saturday morning, that reverie evaporates as we have Danishes and coffee in the banal modernity of a Super 8 lobby.

Holmes and Paleo Repository assistant curator Tiffany Adrain are waiting for us there. Holmes is wearing a sensible outfit and feed cap that makes him look, at first glance, like one of the retired farmers you see having coffee and toast at Hy-Vee every morning. But the characters on the feed cap are Asian (he picked it up at a Far Eastern conference he attended), and the breakfast chitchat isn't about baseball scores or the weather; it's about stream morphology.

"[We came out early to scout ahead] because things change," Holmes announces, "and things changed. The creek is higher than we expected. There's less room to maneuver." The creek had been straightened by a Depression-era work team that attempted to maximize usable field area by eliminating irregular boundaries. In the intervening years, however, the stream had meandered out of this artificial straitjacket. Holmes is considering hiring an excavator to divert the stream back into the original channel, thereby potentially exposing more of the fossil site. He has an excavator lined up who is interested in the find and would do the job for the relatively low price of \$2,000. (Even low-tech operations like this one can get expensive very quickly.)

The excavation would take place before the next dig. This weekend, we'd just have to make do. "We're not that far above the water table," Holmes allows. "It's possible we'll wind up grubbing in the mud."

There's something abstract about driving to a dig site. There are no signs pointing the way, no trail of sloth blood leading to the spot where the thing finally expired. The country roads we follow look like any other country roads, and the farmhouse is quiet and ordinary. As we park by the honey locusts and watch the family's big black Lab run out to meet us, it seems as though we might as well be going to Sunday dinner at the relatives'.

Then the farmer ushers us up to his garage, where a blanket is spread in the bed of his pickup...and we see the bones. The orange-brown scapula, crisscrossed with cracks and broader than a hubcap. The enormous rib, curving out a broad arc like a piece of hula hoop but thick as my wrist. The articulation points, the vertebrae, the marks that look like muscle attachment scars: It's like the thing is almost alive in front of us. As we go down

to the creek to start digging, now charged with excitement, I notice the honey locusts again. Some scientists have theorized that the huge thorns of the honey locust evolved as a defense against enormous extinct herbivores...like the giant sloth. Suddenly, I'm back in touch with the 5-year-old inside, the one who's still a bit disillusioned that paleontologists actually spend very little time fossil-hunting in the desert. That kid never wanted to do morphometric analysis or look at clay particles under a microscope; he just wanted to dig up the bones of enormous dead things. Perhaps today I can let him out for a while.

The creek is carving a deep channel, many feet below the level of the adjoining fields

Suddenly, I'm back in touch with the 5-year-old inside, the one who's still a bit disillusioned that paleontologists actually spend very little time fossil-hunting in the desert. That kid never wanted to do morphometric analysis or look at clay particles under a microscope; he just wanted to dig up the bones of enormous dead things.

and is flanked on either side by high earthen walls. The creekbed is quietly beautiful but unassuming, dotted with raccoon prints and framed by the trill of insects and the rustle of scattering frogs. Between the stream and the steep northern cliff scarp is a strip of mud and earth perhaps a hundred feet long and 8 to 10 feet wide. This is where we will be working.

The first trowel hasn't even been sunk into the earth when Tiffany reaches into the creek and fishes out a small bone. It turns out to be a piece of sloth cervical vertebra. This place, it seems, cannot wait to give up its dead. The volunteers grab shovels and start digging greedily. "Small bites," Semken calls out. The bones are fragile, and they could be just below the surface. A single overeager thrust with a spade could cause serious damage.

Some of us set to work shoveling away the toe of the channel wall. Others, including Brenzel, kneel on the mudbar behind us and start using flat metal tools (nicknamed "spatulas") to scrape thin layers of clay



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③ **Clean Livin'**
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⑥ **Blues Jam**
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⑧ **Nikki Lunden**
JSA/Caleb Ryder

⑨ **Backyard Tire Fire**
Flood Plane

⑩ **Kevin Bassett**

⑪ **Renaissance**(hip hop)

⑮ **Poetry Slam**

⑯ **Skunk River Bandits**

⑰ **Johnny Socko**
The Reacharounds/Goldbricker

⑱ **Natty Nation**

⑳ **Lotus**
ProtostarR

㉔ **Psychadelic Breakfast**

㉕ **Jerry Joseph**
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㉖ **Dexter Grove**
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from the area of the earlier find. There are lots of people working in a small area, and we quickly develop an awkward choreography of complementary shovel lunges and alternating dirt-heaves. Bonnie the dog hovers behind us, nonchalantly weaving just out of reach of the swinging shovels. The humans aren't as elegant. Elbows are bumped, and dirt gets dropped on unsuspecting heads.

Ten minutes into the dig, Brenzel says, "OK," and steps back from his workstation. He's partially unearthed something long and thin. It's coated in dark mud, but it's unmistakably bone-shaped. Several people drop what they're doing and eagerly move in to work near him. Two more sizeable fragments promptly emerge. Holmes encourages those of us on shovel detail to establish the perimeters of the area by continuing to cut away the bank slump. The mudbar may look like the motherlode right now, but he expects to find most of the bones in the wall. Little pieces continue to appear from the creekbed. Which of us will be next to get a turn at the cornucopia?

As I shovel into the clay bank at the level of Brenzel's finds, I notice that there are layers of sand cutting into it. Sand is transported by running water. The implications of this, somehow, do not immediately occur to me.

The sun keeps rising. I can jog miles before I start perspiring noticeably, but this is a different kind of exercise than I'm used to, and water is running down my temples and arms in rivulets. A butterfly lands on my hand and starts lapping the sweat off me with its long proboscis.

Holmes notices the sand. He checks a few more areas and finds that the elevation of the bone-bearing clay level varies from place to place. The stream has swept over the clay surface, causing erosion. If the bones were exposed when this happened, they're downstream or destroyed. "Hopefully the sloth was buried under the gray clay instead of mostly on top of the gray clay," Holmes says. I keep coming up with brown hunks that look a little like bones but always turn out to be rocks or pieces of wood. It occurs to me that nobody else has found anything in a while either.

By the time we get back from lunch break, the volunteers have largely lost their momentum. Their pace and conversation have slowed. No new major bone pieces appear, and the small successes of the morning are quickly forgotten. None of the nonprofessionals have yet seen what

continued on page 16

That band that had that one hit

More than just a one-hit wonder, Nada Surf is making the best music of its career

Todd Hauskins

Remember Nada Surf? You know, that band that had a hit about '96? The one that went, "I'm the quarterback, I'm popular, I'm the head of the class, I'm popular." Whatever happened to those guys? Well, not only are they still together, they're making the best music of their career.

Last year, the band received the best reviews of its career for its latest release, *Let Go*, including a four-star critique from *Rolling Stone* and an "A-" rating from *Entertainment Weekly*.

Nada Surf's music is just good old fashioned pop/rock, or as critics more lately have called it—Power Pop. In the beginning, Nada Surf was often compared to Weezer. But similarities don't go much beyond a shared penchant for confessional lyrics with a pop/punk backdrop. A better comparison would be the influences and contemporaries listed on the group's website, including The Modern Lovers, Big Star, New Order, Flaming Lips, Guided By Voices, Frank Black, and Teenage Fanclub. "Taking everything they love about rock, and everything they love about pop, and playing it their way" is how the band's PR put it, and that makes a lot of sense.

Nada Surf

What: Power pop threesome

When: Friday, Oct. 10

Where: Gabe's Oasis

Little Village spoke with singer/guitarist Matthew Caws over the phone from the recording studio where the band was putting the finishing touches on some cover songs that may appear on future recordings. Caws fielded the first softball from this cub reporter with good grace: So what's up with the name? "I always thought of the name as meaning floating in space

or maybe a faraway place. Maybe even sort of as a space cadet, which I pretty much was at the time and still am. I feel the name sort of limits us in a way, where people don't expect good, thoughtful music from a band with a silly name like Nada Surf. Also there is a weird sort of California vibe going on with the name, which is kind of hard to take for a lifelong New Yorker."

Next comes band history: Caws and bassist Daniel Lorca have been playing music together since high school. Drummer Ira Elliot joined as they recorded the EP *Karmic*. Major label Elektra signed them up shortly after and they recorded *High/Low*, which included the aforementioned hit record, "Popular."

High/Low benefited from the production help of Ric Ocasek—also responsible for Weezer's breakthrough 1994 debut, and at least one of the reasons for all those comparisons. Caws enjoyed working with the former Cars lead singer: "He's a great guy. I still talk to him often. He is just as cool and nice as you'd think."

Hot on the heels of their breakthrough record, the band recorded



Nada Surf

their follow-up, *The Proximity Effect*. Although it met with good reviews and sales in Europe, Elektra "didn't hear a single." When the label asked them to go back into the studio to find one, the band refused and was promptly dropped. After some legal wrestling, the band gained the rights to the album and released it on their own start-up label, MarDev Records, and continued to tour.

One of the most intriguing songs on the new album is called "Fruit Fly," amazingly enough about fruit flies flying in geometric patterns looking for a place to land. "I was really pleased and embarrassed how that song came out," Caws said. "It is amazingly simple. I left some fruit out in a bag and next thing I know there are these fruit flies flying around and I just decided to write about it. I am really pleased and relieved that there are no deep, hidden meanings behind it. I'm really happy that it is not about me and my feelings and my personal life."

Caws doesn't offer any grandiose reasons why people should come and see Nada Surf at their forthcoming Gabe's gig: "I would just say that anyone that likes our kind of music, if they would come see us play, I am confident they would like what they hear." Plus, when was the last time you heard a good song about fruit flies? **LV**



Kembrew
McLeod

Deconstructing Kembrew

I'm going to do something that might seem a little self-indulgent. OK, it's totally self-indulgent, but this is too weird and funny to pass up: I'm going to write about a band that was named after me. Before you scream CONFLICT OF INTEREST, please consider it's not like they're a boy band and I'm their Svengali manager.

"Kembrew" hails from Simi Valley, Calif., an ultra-conservative region that brought us the riot-inducing Rodney King verdict and the John Birch Society. A dubious birthplace, to say the least.

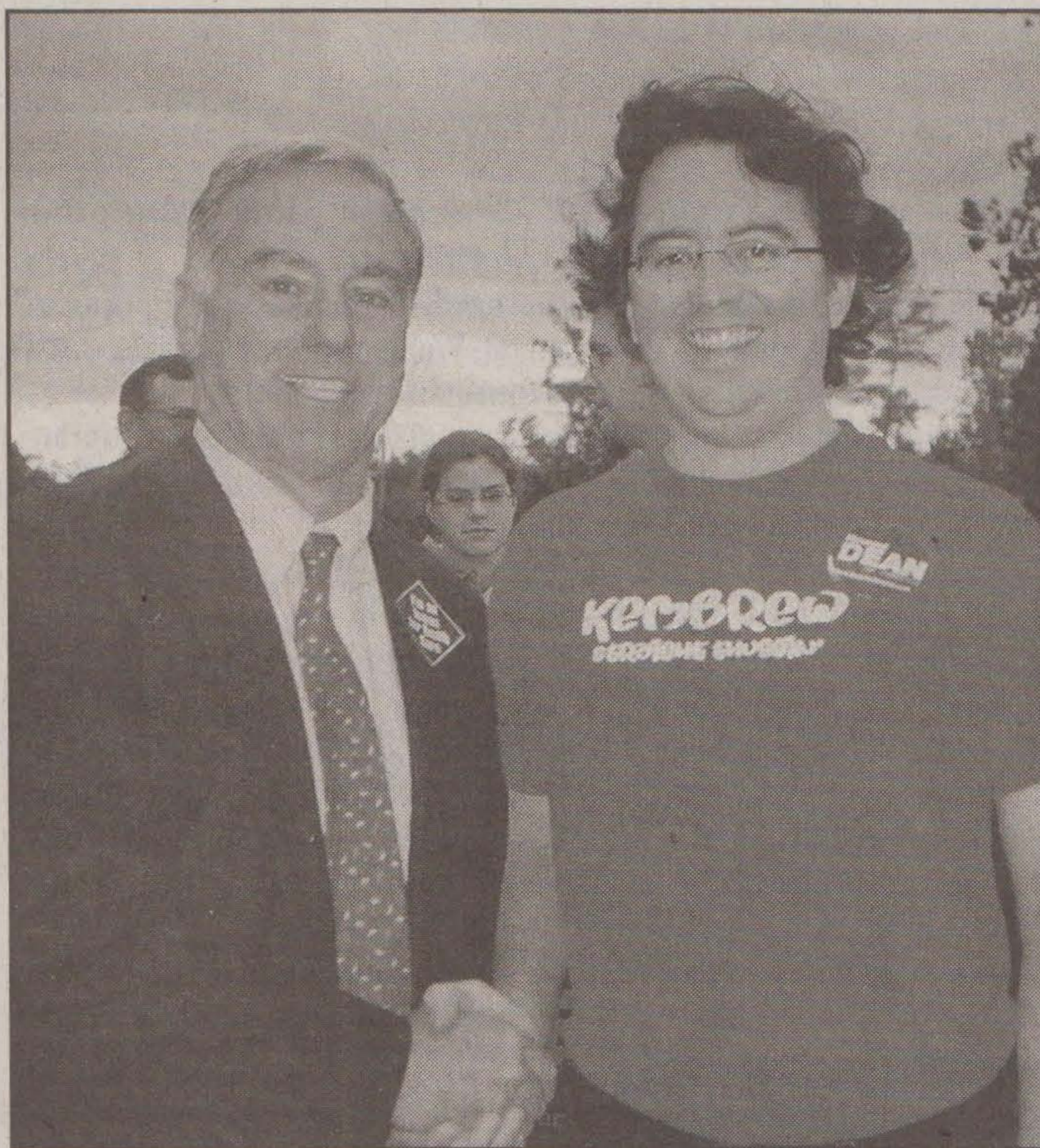
I first got wind of the appropriation when a friend told me someone had started a Weblog, or Blog, using my name. Worried it was an identity-stealing online stalker, I checked it out and was relieved to discover "Kembrew"—real name, Alex Martinez—was a high school sophomore. (FYI: My parents altered the traditional Irish spelling of Kimbrough to create my unique name, which made me the only Kembrew on the planet, or so I thought.) I later found that "Kembrew" ran across my Web site, kembrew.com, and appropriated my name for a laugh. This Alternate-Universe-Kembrew worked at a local AMC movie theater, went to high school, wanted a girlfriend and, as some teens are wont to do, formed a band...named Kembrew.

Throwing caution to the wind, I thought I'd get so post-modern on your ass that I might melt into a babbling puddle of self-referentiality. Yes, Kembrew is gonna review Kembrew.

So far, Kembrew has played about a dozen gigs, including their high school talent show (they didn't win). No Grammy nominations looming on the horizon for this band. Their newly released *You Should Buy This Album*, the band's second full-length, probably won't be called good in any galaxy, and musically, they don't even seem to be aiming for mediocre (stupid is more like it, or to be more precise, STOOPID). Just check the song titles: "Emancipation Rocklamation," "Ninja Rock Machine" and "Wanna Hear a Joke? My Life." Their first album contains screamed lines like, "Grandpa's in a coma, poke him with a stick, poke him with a stick!/Grandpa's in a coma, write on his face, write on his face!" I have no idea what their core fan base is, but judging by their goofy personas and sillier music I'd venture that they're winning over kids who love joke-rockers Ween, Tenacious D and their ilk.

They even sell Kembrew merchandise on their Web site, www.kembrewrock.com. I thought I'd support the band (and fan the flames of my megalomania) by purchasing a T-shirt and some buttons, which has landed me in a few surreal situations, like the following...

Earlier this year, I was flying out of New York City when one of the airport guards asked me, in a friendly tone, "What's a Kembrew?" Could you imagine being randomly asked, "What's a



Will the real Kembrew please sit down?

David?" or "What's a [fill in your name]?" The guard must have thought I was mentally challenged, because I didn't know how to answer, other than to stammer. Then I realized I was wearing the Kembrew T-shirt, which says, in hip-hop graffiti letters, "Kembrew: Straight Thuggin'." "Oooohhh," I said, "It's a long story, but, um, like..." and I quickly filled him in on the details. "So you know these guys?" the guard asked, even more curious. "Naw, it's just the name of the band," I said, having forgotten that I—the nerdy white professor from Iowa—had been walking around Manhattan with the words "Straight Thuggin'" on my chest. (What was I thinking?) By then, the guard was laughing at me, not with me. "Yeah, I was afraid you really were straight thuggin', and I didn't know if I should let you through security," he deadpanned. "You're scarin' me with that shirt." As I put my shoes back on, he asked one last question. "So, where you goin'?" I cringed and blushed. "Well, I'm actually going back to Iowa, and we're not really very thuggin' there."

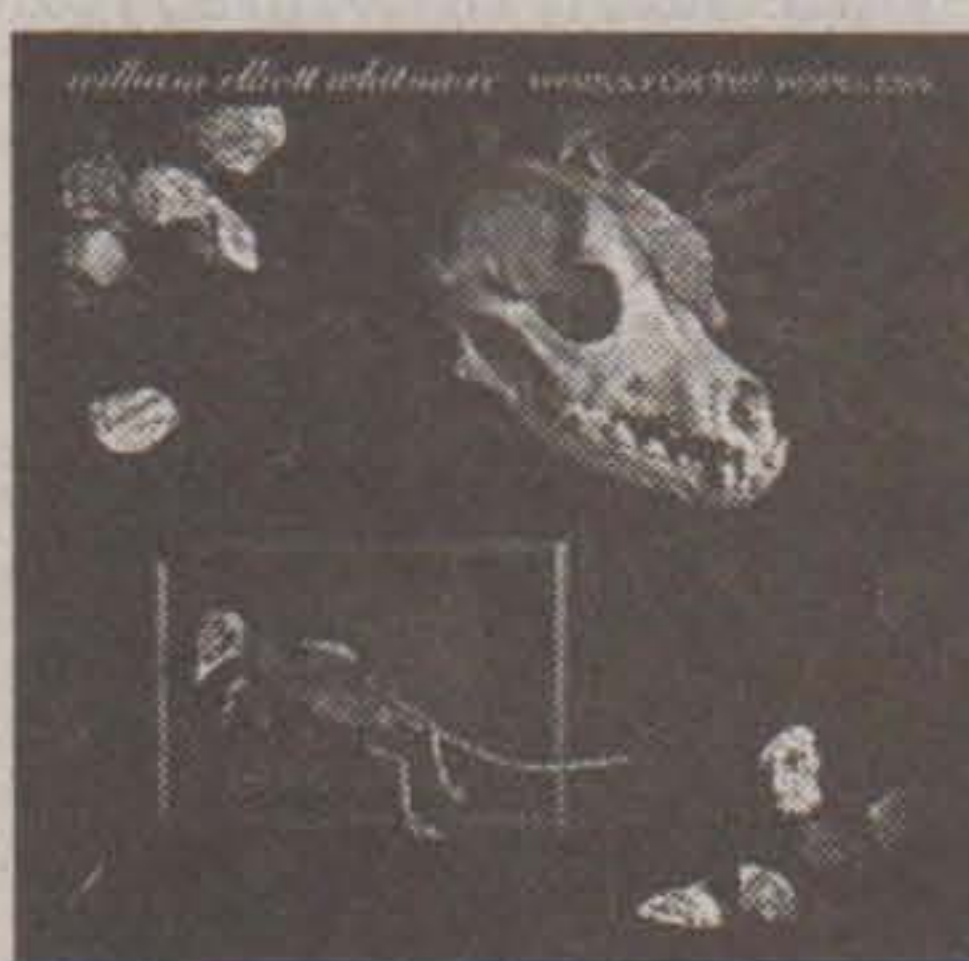
"But compared to most of 'em," I said about myself, too generously, "I'm totally straight thuggin'." He kept laughing, "Yo, I don't ever wanna go to Iowa!" I could hear him as I walked down the terminal. "Straight thuggin'," he said to himself, "That white boy's crazy..." **LV**

William Elliott Whitmore

Hymns For The Hopeless

Southern Records

Will Whitmore's first release for the Southern Records imprint is a significant departure from the Chicago-based label's standard "city-noise" posture. The label should be congratulated for embracing and supporting such an extraordinary talent, genres be damned.



A passionate paean to the season of life that bridges our summer's indifferent growth and our winter's inevitable decay, *Hymns* (and these are hymns) is also Whitmore's

personal sermon, his ceremonial cleansing. But even within this context, the album is remarkably focused, clear and honest. By comparison, *Hymns* is more direct and unflinching than Eels' *Electro-Shock Blues* or Lou Reed's *Magic and Loss*, both of which capture the same up-close-and-personal experiences of death, grief and guilt.

With this release, Iowa City's Whitmore not only recognizes the seasonal turns of his life, he accepts them—graciously—as inevitable. But this is no fatalistic pose; the resolute stoicism of *Hymns* is one born of Midwestern soil (the "sweat, piss, jizz and blood" of Warren Zevon's "Play It All Night Long"), of growing up on a farm. Whitmore's resolve is transcendent—self-awareness without self-consciousness. That he maintains this intensity of focus throughout the album's eight tracks (each standing solidly on its own) lends further resonance to the deterministic themes threaded throughout the album.

The *a cappella* opening track, "Cold And Dead," jaw-dropping in its clarity, accurately captures the passionate stoicism that permeates *Hymns*. Feet in the dirt, looking to the heavens, Whitmore's gritty, moonshine-soaked, world-weary voice—possessed of just enough polish to send shivers up your spine—simply penetrates to the soul. The western lode of "Sometimes Our Dreams Float Like Anchors" follows, with Whitmore's claw hammer banjo pickings ably ambling alongside an accompaniment of slide guitar, bass and drums.

"From The Cell Door To The Gallows," with its tale of no-frills, end-of-the-line spiritual redemption, truly offers hope for the hopeless: "and when your last resort/is to pray to the Lord/that the noose is weak enough to break."

"Burn My Body," a dying man's request to friends and loved ones for ceremonious departure from spaceship Earth ("tip one back and sing me a tune/and never let

the fire grow cold"), follows directly, again recognizing life's dependence on death, but also preaching ceremony and celebration—for the lives of both the departed and those who remain behind. Its reprise, replete with organ accompaniment, makes this particular journey that much more final.

Hymns closes with perhaps the most thematically representative track of the album, a hand-clapping, nearly *a cappella* gospel harmonizer that simultaneously captures the temporary and enduring natures of the human condition, the aptly-titled "Our Paths Will Cross Again."

And indeed Mr. Whitmore, they will—CD-release party Saturday, Oct. 11 at Gabe's.

Joe Derderian

Mad River Duo

Find Some Love

www.themadriverband.com

One of the seldom-celebrated pleasures of living in Iowa is getting lost out on the county roads. Park your car in the middle of a crossroads, get out and wait for the dust to settle. Turn your back on your car, and what you see looks the same as it did in 1878, or 1932, or 1975.

Folk music in Iowa seems similarly timeless, as exhibited on this new CD from Mad River Duo. *Find Some Love* is unstuck in time, fitting seamlessly in the continuum of Iowa folkies going back to Freeman and Lange from the '70s, or Carol Montag from the '80s. The Mad River Duo write pleasant, major-chord songs about life, love and bicycling that seem to come from some



alternate universe where hip-hop, death metal, techno and even Nirvana never happened.

I'm not sure I'd want to live in such a universe, but hey, it's not a bad place to pass the hour or so that comprises this CD. Irene Schroeder has a clear, front-room-sized voice, sweet and unaffected. Her clarinet is just as pure an instrument, deft and musical without overt flash. John Rebik's contribution on guitar and harmonies supports the songs with an elegant steadiness.

The downside of the Mad River approach is that on some songs they're too polite, uncomplicated and plain, almost generic. They're never actually awful, but songs like "Find Some Love" are marred by overly predictable chord resolutions and unremarkable lyrics. Starting with "Restless In Iowa," though, and continuing through the end of the CD, the songs and performances seem to shake off the blandness and become more consistently engaging.

"Say You Love Me" is a spare bossa nova that Schroeder delivers with understated swing, and some of her best clarinet work. "No Peace Of Mind" finds her subtly underlining the vocal with clarinet, and it's exciting in its artless simplicity. "I'll Stay" is a Leonard Cohen-esque waltz-time piece that is the best song on the CD. It's no more ornamented or devious than songs on this CD I like less well, but somehow it taps into the deep current of folk music where some of the other songs just wade in the shallows.

If you're into Iowa folk music, *Find Some Love* is an occasionally great CD, and I'd leap at the chance to hear Mad River Duo live. This sort of music is best experienced directly with your own ears, just as it always has been.

Kent Williams

Correction:

Iowa City band ProtostarR's CD-release party is Oct. 11 at the Yacht Club, not at the Green Room as incorrectly stated in last month's CD review, although they will be playing the Green Room Oct. 21. Got it?

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Sloth continued from page 12

they really wanted to see. We probably all pictured ourselves pulling enormous femurs out of the ground intact. The bones we're finding are hard to recognize, beat-up, and come apart into small pieces.

Around 2:30, I find something hard and wine-red. There's a couple of them, flat with jagged edges. I show them to Semken. "Turtle scutes," he says. I gently spatula away the mud around them and put them in plastic bags as Tiffany films me (she's been taping the dig). It's enough to sate me for now, but as we wrap it up, I notice the long faces on some of the others.

I climb in Semken's car for the trip back to the motel and ask him for his take on the day. "I'm not elated," he says. I get the impression that the stream may have carried away a significant portion of the skeleton. He again talks about diverting the stream so he can check a downstream pool where the water might have slowed enough to deposit larger pieces. The other option is to excavate the wall further, but that would involve removing lots of overlying dirt. "I'm not sure I can justify that on a guess," he says.

The undergraduates go to Taco Bell for dinner, while the rest of us have an outdoor meal at a downtown restaurant. I can't really afford it on my grad-student salary, but this seems worth a week of ramen, and the salmon plate I get is excellent. Semken tells us stories about his adventures with his college spelunking society. Afterwards, some of the others hit the hot tub at the Super 8 to soothe their sore muscles. I just go to bed.

Day Two: Vertebral column as Holy Grail

In the morning, some of the youngsters' energy seems to be flagging, but Holmes is reenergized. While the rest of us were soaking or sleeping, he was busy piecing things together in his head. "I figured out what the bone with all the articulations is," he says, referring to one of yesterday's finds. "I don't know why I didn't think of it before: Sternabrae." These interconnect the sloth's ribs. The people who were scraping thin layers of mud yesterday were excavating the ribcage.

"I don't know if [the farmer] found the ribs inside down or inside up," he says. "I'm hoping for inside down." Inside up, of course, would mean that the bulk of the ribcage overlying it had been eroded or transported away. There's one way to find out: trench straight through the area where the major bones were found. "I'm not thrilled about this," he says, "but the alternative is to keep skimming, which

would take several weekends, and we don't have that."

At the site, Holmes, Tiffany and I are the first down to the creek. The other volunteers dally by the car. Tiffany tells Holmes that it's time for a little speech to "rally the troops." She once spent a whole summer working a site and personally found nothing, so she understands that, by most reasonable standards, we're not doing badly at all. The others need to know this too.

The volunteers start to amble down, and I get my pen out in anticipation of whatever he's going to say. The site looks uglier today. There's piled dirt everywhere, and several inches of clear water have seeped up into our work area. It's not exactly Agincourt, but there's still something very theatrical about the moment when he hitches up his pants and turns to address the group.

Like any good speaker in a time of crisis, Holmes opens with a joke. "I was thinking about this yesterday," he begins. "I do occasionally think." He explains about the sternabra and its connection with the earlier finds: "What we have is a full rack of ribs." Those smaller pieces are evidence that the stream's energy wasn't high enough to carry things far, "so the animal is close by." The plan is to work through the mudbank in search of a vertebral column. "The bugger's here," he concludes.

We start on trench detail, slogging away in silence. Holmes' speech was effective, but this is hard, monotonous work. The clay is thick and too self-adhesive to easily scoop up for disposal.

A few people tire of the shoveling and go to work with smaller tools on the channel wall. They start finding little pieces of brown bone. Now that they've gotten to discover something, they start chattering away happily. "This makes yesterday worthwhile," one of them says. Another stops, frustrated. "Does Holmes know that they're finding more pieces?" she asks. "I'm just wondering if he might want to change what he's having us do."

Everyone wants to be the one to make the big find, and I'm no exception. I'm feeling pangs of jealousy; they're coming up with lots of fragments now, and they're doing it scant inches away from the spot where I dug a two-foot-deep trench yesterday. "Where's Chuck? Chuck, you were right next to a bunch of bones!" one of them exclaims helpfully. I grit my teeth. These are the vicissitudes of paleontology: You have to be content with group success.

I do find myself getting a little nervous, though. It took a long time to dig that

trench. Did I check every shovelful carefully enough? Is it possible I pulverized something important with my shovel, tossed it into the water? Holmes pronounces the fragments to be portions of a large bone. I would have noticed a large bone, wouldn't I? Only the creek knows for sure.

Then, suddenly, an hour before we pack up and leave for the weekend, it's my turn. I have finished cutting a deep trench into the area where the farmer found the big ribs. It's come up fossil-free, so I step to the far side and begin removing clay at the lip of the trench. A few shovelfuls in, I see something small and brown in the dirt. I've been fooled before by dried clay clods with the same general appearance. When I wash it off in the creek, though, it's unmistakably a sliver of bone.

I finally get to put down my shovel and take up a spatula. I start skimming mud off the ground, and it's only a few minutes before I hit something hard. This piece is bigger, about the length of my palm and as wide as two of my fingers...good-sized, big enough to have some heft to it. I don't know much about vertebrates, but I think I can see vascular structures within the bone. Semken makes a note of its exact location. I examine the piece carefully, reluctant to let it go, and finally put it into a little plastic baggie along with the note. The 5-year-old inside me beams.

A good thing

The vertebral column never turned up; the weekend's take included those waterlogged vertebral pieces and various rib fragments. The large piece found near my trench was too fragile to be fully excavated yet ("It looks soft and kind of punky," as Semken put it), so it remains unidentified. Semken also gathered bags of earth that yielded pollen and plant fossils that are now being analyzed. By the time this issue goes to print, a backhoe operator will have diverted the stream and removed earth from the opposite bank. If this exposes more sloth material, a second expedition will be dispatched shortly thereafter.

Semken was still allowing for the possibility that a large part of the sloth was gone, but on balance he seemed optimistic. The remains clearly were not all in one place, however, so an extensive search could be required. The timetable for the whole project might well be on the order of a year. He was not perturbed by this; it's the pace science follows. A single "Eureka!" moment, or a short sequence of them, is followed by months and years of confirmation, compilation and assimilation into the broader body of knowledge.


Over at Iowa Hall, Brenzel was already having visions of a mounted sloth skeleton, perhaps serving as a replacement for the technologically antiquated Ice Age slide show. The original design for Rusty captured the sloth in the act of beginning to climb a tree. Perhaps the skeleton could be mounted in a similarly active pose.

Whatever form the new display takes, and however complete or incomplete it turns out to be, Brenzel expects success. He's seen the effect a properly packaged sloth can have on people. I ask him for an anecdote that sums up Rusty's mystique, and he tells me, "It's not just one single story that comes to mind; it's 30,000 stories a year. As often as people come into our museum kind of intimidated by the subject matter, they are never so approachable and friendly as when they turn the corner and see that sloth. They're so hungry for more information about this thing. I tell the staff, approach them then and you can make their whole day."

Brenzel does have one small reservation. "I am a little concerned about the expectations that the kids have, [expectations] that are raised by dinosaur skeletons that don't look like they had to be glued back together from two-inch pieces." Perhaps this is something else the sloth can teach them, though: Real life is not always exactly as we would have it. The life of a working paleontologist isn't quite what the younger version of myself imagined it to be. And Semken had said in his initial departmental email that one of the laws of vertebrate paleontology is that things will not go as planned.

Real life is a series of compromises between what we would like it to be and what is actually available to us. But a good thing that has to be painstakingly and tediously gathered and pieced together is still a good thing. LV

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A-LIST

Emmylou Harris

Wednesday, Oct. 15, 8pm • Hancher Auditorium



During the past 30 years, Emmylou Harris has had a greater impact on contemporary American music than almost all of her best-selling celebrity peers. While she may lack the flashiness of Dolly Parton or the grittiness of Sheryl Crow (both of whom she has recorded with), Harris' honeyed voice and ethereal spirit has made her a Country music legend.

While Harris is best known as the interpreter of other people's material, particularly the songs of mentor Gram Parsons, her latest releases have showcased her songwriting efforts. This is especially true of her new Nonesuch release, *Stumble Into Grace*. Harris wrote or co-wrote all but one of the songs on the new disc.

Discovering the state of grace—the idea of being at one with the world and understanding the perfection of everyone and everything's place—has always been at the center of Harris' work, whether that experience comes from playing pinball at a bar in Amarillo or driving a fast car down the Jersey turnpike or sitting and praying in church. Harris addresses the topic of grace directly on one of the best cuts on the new disc, "I Will Dream." The song turns the tale of a love affair gone wrong into a heartfelt cry for spiritual consolation (i.e. where does love go when it's gone?).

Harris recently sang at the funeral for Johnny Cash. Her new album contains a beautiful tribute to his wife, June Carter Cash, called "Strong Hand (Just One Miracle)," which also pays tribute to pioneer women.

While Harris may say she's stumbling, the truth is she's exploring

the spiritual high ground and tripping over the commonplace truths of love, life and whatever it all means. Her latest release shows that she's still taking risks and that her lovely voice is as passionate and beautiful as ever. Her appearance at Hancher should do the same.

Steve Horowitz

Finding the Center of the World

Thursday, Oct. 23, 7pm • Old Brick

We Midwesterners often claim "centeredness": a middle-of-the-road practicality, a calm yet profound devotion to home and community, a mild temperament. Could such "centeredness," rooted in the middle land, also be the seedbed of an especially spiritual relationship with the earth? This year's Harvest Lecture, sixth in an annual series, explores that very question through the theme "Finding the Center of the World."

Peter Bakken, a research fellow with the Au Sable Institute in Madison, Wis., will speak on "The Grace of Place: Patriotism and the Care of the Earth." Bakken's scholarly interests focus on Iowa native environmentalist Aldo Leopold and Chicago theologian Joseph Sittler.

Joining Peter Bakken is poet Nancy Adams-Cogan with a reading titled "Iowa Roadsides." Throughout her life, Adams-Cogan has tracked the changes in the landscape, in the fields, and on the roadsides, leading her to versify about what she has seen.

Rounding out this year's Harvest Lecture is a place-based exhibit of Midwestern photography titled *Places in the Center* by Iowa photographer Rod Strampe.

The Harvest Lecture is free and open to the public. A companion book featuring new works by all three presenters, published by Ice Cube Press, will be available for purchase at the event, or by special order (<http://soli.inav.net/~icecube>). The Harvest Lecture is organized by Steve Semken, founder/director of the Standing by Words Center and the Ice Cube Press. 26 E. Market St., Iowa City, 338-7868.

Thomas Dean

CALENDAR

Calendar listings are free, on a space-available basis. Mail entries to Little Village, P.O. Box 736, Iowa City, Iowa 52244 or email little-village@usa.net

ART/EXHIBITS

AKAR

4 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 351-1227

Recent Ceramics by Tim Rowan and Jeff Shapiro, through Oct. 23; opening reception Oct. 3, 5-7pm; Gallery Walk reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm.

The Art Mission

114 S Linn St., Iowa City

Photographs by UI School of Art & Art History faculty member Margaret Stratton, opening reception June 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Arts Iowa City/The Galleries Downtown

218 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 337-7447

Duos, artwork of four Iowa City artist couples: Kay and Byron Burford, Genie and Joseph Patrick, Kathy and Tom Wegman, Laura Young and Tom Aprile; reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Cedar Rapids Museum of Art

410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

Villa to Grave: Roman Art and Life, 150 Roman objects—sculpture, frescoes, jewelry, furniture, coins and other decorative art objects—displayed in a recreated Roman architectural setting, through Aug. 25, 2005 • *Sandra Louise Dyas: Recent Photographs*, Oct. 3-Dec. 7. (See Words listing for more)

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580

New and recent work by Dan Attioe (Iowa City), Jno Cook (Chicago), and Gordon Ligocki (rural Indiana) • Recent prints and drawings by Iowa artist Bonnie Koloc.

Design Ranch Store and Studio

Corner of Dodge and Davenport, Iowa City

Romance with Nature: Monotypes 1999-2003 by Chang, Keum Won; opening reception June 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Faulconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660

Roots of Renewal, paintings, photographs, sculpture and installations by 18 artists, most from the Midwest, examining the culture and life of the great plains as it faces pressure from new industries, new farming practices, new immigrants, and new attitudes, through Dec. 18 • *SEED/HOUSE*, installation by Sandra Menefee Taylor and Linda Gammell, through Nov. 16, 1082 Fifth Ave., Grinnell • *Return and Bounty's Balance*, installation by Chaden Halfhill, Des Moines, through Dec. 14, Faulconer Gallery and Davis Building • *The Great Plains Collection*, photographs by Michael Forsberg, through Oct. 13, Burling Gallery, lower level Burling Library, Grinnell College • *Roots of Renewal* sculpture by Patrick Dougherty, through Dec. 14, Holden Sculpture Courtyard • *Grain*, photographs by Drake Hokanson, through October; opening reception Oct. 3, 4:30-6pm, Community Art Gallery, 2nd floor, 927 4th Avenue. (See Words listing for more)

Hudson River Gallery

538 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 358-8488

Oil paintings by Steve Erickson, figurative and still life, Oct. 10-Nov. 22; opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Iowa Artisans Gallery/D.J. Rinner Goldsmith

207 E Washington St., Iowa City, 351-8686

Artisans on the Move, opening reception June 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Iowa State Bank & Trust

102 S. Clinton St., Iowa City

Jim Claussen: 2-Dimensional Work, opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Lorenz Boot Shop

132 S. Clinton St., Iowa City, 339-1053

Divided Attention, pastel paintings and mixed media collage by Geri Hall; *Making Waves*, mixed media by Nancy Purington; both through March; opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Many Facets

125 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City

Colors of the Sun, contemporary glass by Ely & Matt Helalian, opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

MC Ginsberg Objects of Art

110 E. Washington St., Iowa City

Vintage Jewelry, Art Deco Period, opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Mythos

9 S. Linn St., Iowa City

Jenni Prange Engleman: Recent Paintings and *Stephan Johnson: Sculpture*, opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Public Space One

6 1/2 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City

En media res work by local artist Nick Naughton (will be painting the work during the walk), opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Room Service

117 E College St., Iowa City

elizabeth W. - The art of Fragrance, opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

RSVP

114 E. Washington St., Iowa City

There's No Place Like Home, mixed media on paper by Philip Kirk, opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Ruby's Pearl

323 E. Market St., Iowa City, 248-0032

Felt wall hangings by Mt. Vernon artist Elaine Ball, through October.

Salon

119 E. Washington St., Iowa City

Paintings by area artist Paul Heir, opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Senior Center

28 S. Linn St., Iowa City

One Woman's Creative Diversity, pastel, oil, acrylic & sculpture by Judy O. Gray; opening reception Oct. 10, 5-8pm, part of Gallery Walk.

Shambaugh House

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-0416

Iowa landscape and foliage images by Iowa City photographers Timothy Edberg and Sheri Seggerman.

UI Hospitals and Clinics

Project Art of UIHC, Iowa City, 353-6417

Prints and paper works by Jon Lee, West Branch and Seoul Korea, through Nov. 5, Boyd Tower West • Intaglio prints by Jon Fasanelli-Cawelti, Muscatine, through Nov. 21, Boyd Tower East • Pastels by Mary Muller, Des Moines, through October, John Colloton Pavilion, 8th floor (Patient and Visitor Activities Center) • David Marquez (bronze sculptures) and Jeff Rinderknecht (ceramics pieces), both of Iowa City, through October, main lobby • Works by Marci Twedt, Main Lobby, Oct. 3-Jan. 9 • Drawings and paintings by Mary Mitchell, Des Moines, and Kevin Bunch, Albia, in conjunction with works by Gene Alva Dexheimer, John Colloton Pavilion, Oct. 6-December.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

Joseph Patrick, works by this UI professor of drawing and painting who is retiring after this semester, through Nov. 16.

MUSIC

The Barn Restaurant

4709 220 Trail, Amana, 622-3214

7:30-11:30pm

Radoslav Lorkovic, Oct. 3 • BF Burt and the Blues Instigators, Oct. 4 • Bryce Janey, Oct. 10 • Jean Blum, Oct. 11 • BillyLee Janey, Oct. 17 • Rob Lumbard, Oct. 18 • Radoslav Lorkovic, Oct. 24 • Bill Heller, Oct. 25.

Clapp Recital Hall

University of Iowa campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

Denver Dill, trumpet, and Rebecca Wilt, piano, Oct. 2, 8pm • Iowa Cello Society Annual Gathering Grand Finale Concert, Oct. 5, 3pm • Brentano Quartet, Oct. 8, 8pm • Symphony Band and Chamber Wind Ensemble, Oct. 10, 8pm • Old Gold Singers, Fall Festival, Oct. 11, 8pm • Choral Collage, with the Women's Chorus, Kantorei, Camerata Singers and University Choir, Oct. 12, 3pm • Memorial concert for the late violinist and School of Music professor Leopold La Fosse, Oct. 12, 8pm • Christina Rutledge, viola; Ksenia Nosikova, piano, Oct. 14, 8pm • Maia Quartet, Oct. 16, 8pm • OctOBOEfest: Mark Weiger, oboe, Oct. 17, 8pm • OctOBOEfest concert, Oct. 18, 3pm • OctOBOEfest: University Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 19, 3pm • Volkan Orhon, string bass; Réne Lecuona, piano, Oct. 19, 8pm • Kantorei, Oct. 24, 8pm • Philharmonia Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 26, 3pm • Iowa Woodwind Quintet, Oct. 26, 8pm • Electronic Music Studios, Oct. 28, 8pm • UI Percussion Ensemble, Oct. 31, 8pm.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580

8pm except Sundays (7pm)

Lucy Kaplansky, Tracy Grammer, Oct. 3 • Andy Stochansky, Christine Kane, Oct. 4 • Druha Trava, Czech bluegrass, Oct. 9 • Laura Love Duo, Oct. 10 • Ember Swift, Oct. 12 • Tanglefoot, Oct. 17 • Cheryl Wheeler, Kenny White, Oct. 22 • Laurie Lewis, Tom Rozum, Oct. 25.

Downey Street

Hoover Kiosk Courtyard, West Branch,

643-4545

Shows at 8pm

Haworth & Peirce, folk, Oct. 4 • Mad River Duo, Oct. 11 • UI Jazz Workshop Friday Series, Fridays.

Faulconer Gallery

Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell,

641-269-4660

Dave Moore, Oct. 10, 7-8pm.

First Presbyterian Church

2701 Rochester Ave., Iowa City

Musick's Feast, works composed in honor of the Virgin Mary from the late Middle Ages through the High Renaissance, Oct. 4, 8pm.

Gabe's

330 E. Washington St., Iowa City, 354-4788

The Like Young, Nolan, Boy with Stick, Rizzudo, Oct. 2 •

Early show: Lawrence Arms, The Ghost, Haymarket Riot, Self Made Man; Late Show: DJ Uplift, Murdoch, Nate Unique, Lance Sheldon, Oct. 3 • House of Large Sizes, The Bent Scepters, Lunamoth, Oct. 4 • Matt Rebelski's 21st Birthday Party, bands to be announced, Oct. 5 • PW Long, 31 Knots, Grainbelt, Oct. 6 • Early Show: Army of Freshmen, Nothing Counts; Late show: DJ P, Mac Lethal, Approach, Archetype, Tack Fu, Oct. 7 • Electric Turn to Me, Houston, The Organ, Oct. 8 • Nexes, Conspire, Pottymouth, Oct. 9 • Nada Surf, Ozma, The Plus Ones, Oct. 10 • Will Whitmore CD-release show, Oct. 11 • Form of a Rocket, Brian Jones, Oct. 12 • Mod Night, The Link Quartet, Oct. 13 • Bluegrass banjo picker Andy Glandt, Oct. 14 • John Wilkes Kissing Booth, Oct. 15 • Early: The Actual; Late: Leven, Oct. 16 • Tracy and the Plastics, Oct. 17 • Early: Red Hot Valentines; Late: Meatjack, Kita, Oct. 18 • Stinking Lizaveta, Oct. 19 • Early: A Static Lullaby, My Chemical Romance; Late: Ben Weaver, Larry Brown, Oct. 20 • 90 Day Men, The Panthers, Oct. 21 • Sound of Urchin, Oct. 22 • Early: Rufio, Mae, Over it, Oct. 24 • Stretch Armstrong, Oct. 26 • The Black Keys, Oct. 30 • Robbie Fulks, Oct. 31.



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The Green Room

509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350

Blues Jam Mondays, Funk and Jazz Jam Tuesdays

The Codetalkers, Gglitch, Oct. 2 • Clean Livin', Sphere, Oct. 3 • Wookiefoot, Filling Space, Oct. 4 • Blues Jam special guest Blue String, Oct. 6 • Nikki Lunden, JSA, Caleb Ryder, Oct. 8 • Backyard Tire Fire, Flood Plane, Oct. 9 • Kevin Bassett, Oct. 10 • Renaissance, (hip-hop), Oct. 11 • Skunk River Bandits, Oct. 16 • Johnny Socko, The Reacharounds, Goldbricker, Oct. 17 • Natty Nation, Oct. 18 • Lotus, ProtostarR, Oct. 21 • Psychedelic Breakfast, Oct. 22 • Jerry Joseph, Signal Path, Rosehill Drive, Oct. 23 • Dexter Grove (also opening), Ulu, Oct. 24 • Broken Grass, Mr. Baber's Neighbors Solar String Band, Oct. 25 • Tea Leaf Green, Oct. 29 • Schwillbillies, Oct. 30 • Slats, Lucy Star, Nolan, Oct. 31

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160

Emmylou Harris, Oct. 15, 8pm • Academy of St. Martin-

in-the-Fields, chamber orchestra performs all-Beethoven program, Oct. 18, 8pm • Drummers of West Africa, Oct. 19, 3pm • Terence Blanchard, Oct. 23, 8pm • University Symphony, Oct. 29, 8pm.

Harper Hall

Voxman Music Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City

Felix Wang and Tanya Carey, recital of cello solos, Oct. 4, 7:30pm • Stacy Mangans, saxophone; Joseph Bogner, piano, Oct. 17, 5pm. • UI Tuba Ensemble, Oct. 31, 8pm.

Iowa Memorial Union

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-3059

Keller Williams, Oct. 7, Ballroom, 7:30pm • Allister, The Starting Line, Homegrown, Senses Fail, The Early November, Oct. 8, 8pm, Main Lounge • Easily Amused, Oct. 28, 12pm.

The Java House

211 E. Washington St., 341-0012

WSUI's "Iowa Talks Live from the Java House," Fridays, 10am

Folk singer Tracy Grammer, Oct. 3 • IC singer/songwriter David Rogers, Oct. 10 • Dave Moore, Oct. 17 • The Letterpress Opry, Oct. 31. (See Java House listing under Words for the talk component of the shows)

Martini's

127 E. College St., Iowa City, 351-5536

Shows at 9:30pm

Soul Searchers, Oct. 3 • The Saints, Oct. 4 • Radoslav Lorkovic, Oct. 10 • Blues Tunas, Oct. 11 • Moe Band, Oct. 17 • BillyLee Janey, Oct. 18 • Soul Patrol DJs, Oct. 24 • TBA, Oct. 25 • The Diplomats, Oct. 31.

The Mill

120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529

Open Mike Mondays, 8pm

Nikki Lunden, Caleb Ryder, Oct. 2 • Bill Maloney, Oct. 3 • Pieta Brown & Bo Ramsey, Oct. 4 • The Long Winters, Oct. 8 • Dave Zollo and the Body Electric, Matt the Electrician, Oct. 10 • Big Wooden Radio, Andy Carlson, Oct. 11 • Stacey Earle, Mark Stuart, Oct. 12 • Catfish Keith CD-release, Oct. 16 • Eels, MC Honky, Oct. 17 • Wylde Nept, Oct. 18 • Adam Wyle, Oct. 23 • Jay Farrar, Canyon, Oct. 24 • David Huckfelt, Ben Ramsey, Oct. 25 • Mike & Amy Finders Band, Oct. 26 • Sny Magill, Oct. 30 • Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band, Oct. 31.

Northside Books

203 N. Linn St., Iowa City, 466-9330

Bill Peterson, jazz piano, Tues. & Wed., 7-8pm • Michelle & Scott Dalziel, Oct. 16, 7:30pm.

Pentacrest

UI campus, Iowa City

Free Homecoming show: Dave Zollo & the Body Electric, The Nadas, Oct. 3, 8:30pm.

The Q Bar

211 Iowa Ave., Iowa City, 337-9107

Shows at 10:30pm

Big Tasty, Oct. 3.

Sanctuary

405 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 351-5692

Jazz Jam, Thursdays

Combo Nuevo, Latin jazz, Oct. 3 • Tornados, classic blues, Oct. 4 • Saul Lubaroff Jazz Trio, Oct. 10 • Dave Moore, Oct. 11 • Chesnik, Neuman & Wilson, jazz, Oct. 17 • Brian Harmon & Steve Grismore, jazz guitar greats, Oct. 24 • Chesnik, Neuman & Wilson, Oct. 25 • Akers & Mazuniks, jazz, Oct. 31.

Shambaugh House

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-0416

Iowa landscape and foliage images by Iowa City photographers Timothy Edberg and Sheri Seggerman.

Smokehouse

511 P St., South Amana, 622-3750

Electric Mule, Oct. 10 • Nick Tzortzoudakis, Oct. 11 • All That, Oct. 17 • Jean Blum, Oct. 18 • Murphy & Lake, Oct. 25.

Space/Place Theater

North Hall, UI campus, Iowa City

Guillermo Anderson, singer/song writer, Oct. 20, 7:30pm.

St. Mary's Catholic Church

228 Jefferson St., Iowa City

Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir, Oct. 26, 4pm.

FAULCONER GALLERY



6 September – 14 December 2003

Roots of Renewal explores the changing contemporary Midwest through a museum exhibition of work by 18 Midwestern artists, plus 3 site-specific installations, plus artists' talks, lectures, and musical events at Grinnell College and in the City of Grinnell.

For a full schedule of exhibitions and related events, locations, and hours call 641.269.4660 or visit www.grinnell.edu/fulconergallery.

Image: Chris Faust, *Approaching Development, Apple Valley, MN*, 1993
Black and white photograph, 7 x 22 inches. Courtesy of the artist

Roots of Renewal and its related programs are supported, in part, with grants from the Iowa Arts Council, a division of the Iowa Department of Cultural Affairs; from Humanities Iowa and the National Endowment for Humanities; from the Elizabeth Firestone Graham Foundation, Albuquerque, New Mexico; from Grinnell Tourism Group; and by the Grinnell College Program on the Liberal Arts and Vocation, which is funded by a grant from the Lilly Endowment, Inc., Programs on the Theological Exploration of Vocation.

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GRINNELL COLLEGE



Theatre Cedar Rapids

102 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-8592
Theatre Organ Concert, Walter Strony, Oct. 19.

UI Museum of Art

150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727
"KSUI Know the Score Live," Anthony Arnone and Hannah Holman, UI School of Music cello faculty members; Muraski Duo, Oct. 3, 5-7pm.

Uptown Bill's small Mall

401 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 339-0401
Irish slow session (for more info contact Tara Dutcher, tara@uptownarts.com), Sundays, 2-4pm; Mud River Open Mic, Fridays, 8-11pm, sign up 7.30pm, all welcome
Maggie Simpson, Beth Amsel, Oct. 2, 7-9pm • Central Standard Time, Oct. 4, 8-11pm • Karaoke Night, Oct. 5 & 19, 8-11pm • Scotty Hayward, Oct. 11, 8-11pm • Cyril Paul, Oct. 12, 4:30-6pm • Mud River Dinner and Jam, Oct. 16, 6-10pm • Half Fast, Oct. 18, 8-11pm • Truthhawk and Windhorse, reggae, Oct. 25, 8-11pm • BeJae Flemming, Nov. 1.

Union Bar

121 E. College St., Iowa City, 339-7713
Shows at 9pm
Atmosphere, Oct. 7 • Death Cab for Cutie, The Long Winters, Oct. 8.

US Cellular Center

370 First Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, 363-1888
CSD Barbershoppers Convention, Oct. 10-12 • Rodney Carrington, Barry Martin, Oct. 23, 7:30pm • Indoor Marching Band Classic, Oct. 27, 6:30pm • "I Get a Kick Out of Cole," music of Cole Porter, Oct. 29, 7:30pm.

Yacht Club

13 S. Linn St., Iowa City, 337-6464
Blues Jam hosted by Flying Bacchus, Sundays 8pm-12am
Tracy Grammer, Oct. 2 • B.F. Burt & the Instigators, Oct. 3 • Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band, Oct. 4 • Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash, Oct. 6 • Clumsy Lovers CD-release party, Oct. 8 • GB Leighton, Oct. 9 • Dick Prall, Chris Gilmartin, Oct. 10 • ProtostarR CD-release party, Oct. 11 • Funkmaster Cracker, Oct. 16 • Euforia, Oct. 17 • Stuart Davis CD-release party, Oct. 18 • Sympathetic Ink Show, Oct. 23 • Bent Scepters, Diplomats of Solid Sound, Oct. 24 • Star Candy, Oct. 25 • Winegarden, Oct. 30 • Sheltering Sky Reunion Show, Oct. 31.

DANCE

Hancher Auditorium

UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
The Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company, featuring world premiere of *Reading, Mercy and the Artificial Nigger*, Oct. 11, 8pm.

Scattergood Friends School

1951 Delta Ave., West Branch, 643-7600
Barn dance, 8pm
Oct. 17.

THEATER/ PERFORMANCE

Campbell Steele Gallery

1064 Seventh Ave., Marion, 373-9211
Liars Holographic Radio Theatre, music and original skits, 17-18, 8pm; Oct. 19, 7pm.

CSPS

1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Metro High School Theatre, Oct. 30-31.

Old Creamery Theatre

Price Creek Stage, 39 38th Ave., Amana, 800-352-6262 (unless noted otherwise)
Price Creek Stage: Wed., Fri., Sat. 8pm; Thurs., Sat., Sun. 3pm.
The Foreigner, concerns friends who gather every year at a Georgia fishing lodge and a painfully shy interloper, Oct. 3-Nov. 16.

Public Space ONE

6½ S. Dubuque St., Iowa City
Play by Sarah Neilson, Oct. 10, 8pm.

Riverside Theatre

213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Wed. & Thurs. 7pm; Fri. & Sat. 8pm; Sun. 2pm
Private Lives, by Noel Coward, through Oct. 5 • "Walking the Wire," festival of original 10-minute monologues, Oct. 10-12 • *Grocery Stories*, new original work by Riverside co-director Ron Clark, Oct. 17-23 • *Aggravated Assaults*, Oct. 24-25, 10pm.

UI Theatre

Theatre Bldg., UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
No Shame Theatre celebrates its 17th anniversary with a free alumni performance, Oct. 3, 8pm, UI Theatre Bldg. parking lot, precedes the regular No Shame Friday performance at 11pm in Theatre B • *Trojan Women Retold*, new adaptation of Charles Mee's theatrical collage, which was loosely based on Euripides classical Greek anti-war tragedy, *The Trojan Women*; Oct. 9-11, 8pm; Oct. 12, 3pm, David Thayer Theatre • *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, by Stephen Sondheim, Mainstage produc-

tion, Oct. 16-18, 23-25, 8pm; Oct. 19, 26, 3pm • *Global Express*, Oct. 18, 7pm, Theatre B • *Green Girl*, by Sarah Hammond, Gallery production, Oct. 23-25, 8pm; Oct. 26, 3pm, Theatre B.

Ushers Ferry Historical Village Cedar Rapids, 286-5763

"Morbid Curiosities: The Ghosts of Ushers Ferry," The Parlour Theater Company presents Halloween fare, harvest dinner, Oct. 18, 7pm.

COMEDY

The Green Room

509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350
Lightning in a Bottle, Iowa City's new improv theater, Oct. 5 & 19, 8pm.

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Cedar Rapids Museum of Art
410 Third Ave. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-7503

Docent-led tour of Art in Roman Life, Saturdays, 12pm • “If Coins Could Talk: Ancient Treasures,” with Oelwein numismatist Daniel Pelc, Oct. 4, 1pm • “From Portraits to Coin,” hands-on family workshop, Oct. 11, 1pm • “Painted Mummies: The Fayum Portraits of Roman Egypt,” Richard De Puma, F. Wendell Miller Distinguished Professor School of Art and Art History, University of Iowa, Oct. 16, 7-8pm • *The Roman Empire of the First Century, Part 1*, film, Oct. 18, 1pm • “Ancient Roman Coins of the Second Temple Period,” with Steven Feller, Oct. 25, 1pm.

Kent Park
Rural Oxford (Highway 6, west of Tiffin), 645-2315

“Smallpox in Native North America,” state archaeologist Beth Pauls discusses how smallpox altered Native North America, Oct. 11, 7pm, Conservation Education Center.

The Green Room
509 S. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 354-4350
Poetry Slam, Oct. 15, 9pm.

Faulconer Gallery
Grinnell College, 1108 Park St., Grinnell, 641-269-4660

“A Roots of Renewal sculpture,” artist’s talk by Patrick Dougherty, Oct. 11, 4:30pm, ARH 102, 1226 Park St., Grinnell College • “Nostalgia vs. Realism: What Can We Learn from Images of Iowa in Popular Films?”, Marty S. Knepper, English Department, Morningside College, Sioux City, Oct. 13, 7:30pm, Mayflower Homes’ Carman Center, 2nd Floor, 616 Broad St., Grinnell.

IC Public Library
123 Linn St., Iowa City, 356-5200

“Reading Mercy and the Artificial Nigger,” Bill T. Jones and James McPherson, Oct. 9, 6:30pm • “Landscape and Literature,” International Writing Program panel preview of Oct. 10-12 IWP festival, Oct. 8, 3:30pm • IWP panel discussions, Wednesdays, 3:30pm.

Iowa Memorial Union
UI campus, Iowa City

Finding God at Iowa luncheon series, Kenneth Tse, assistant professor of music, Oct. 3, 12pm, River Room 1 • “Landscape and Literature,” International Writing Program Festival, Oct. 10, 11am; Oct. 11-12, 8am.

The Java House
211 E. Washington St., 341-0012

WSUI’s “Iowa Talks Live from the Java House,” Fridays, 10am

Folk singer Tracy Grammer discusses her life after the death last year of musical partner Dave Carter, Oct. 3 • “Writers from Around the World,” group of international writers discuss the IWP, Oct. 10 • “A Celebration of Public Radio,” fund-raising week kick-off show, with KSUI program director Joan Kjaer and WSUI program director Dennis Reese, Oct. 17 • “The Strange and Supernatural with Edward Carey,” English author, illustrator and playwright Edward Carey shares the inspirations for his gothic fiction, Oct. 31.

The Mill
120 E. Burlington St., Iowa City, 351-9529
Talk/Art/Cabaret, Oct. 1, 15, 29.

Old Brick
26 E. Market St., Iowa City, 338-7876

“Finding the Center of the World,” Sixth Harvest Lecture, Oct. 23, 7pm.

Prairie Lights
15 S. Dubuque St., Iowa City 337-2681

All 8pm (unless otherwise noted)
Broadcast live on WSUI (unless otherwise noted)
Thom Tammaro reads from *Visiting Walt*, a collection of poetic homages to Walt Whitman; UI professor of English Ed Folsom, who wrote a preface to the volume, will also read selections, Oct. 2 • Korean poet and critic Jeong Han Yong, Ukrainian poet and fiction writer Yevgeniya Kononenko, with Writers’ Workshop poetry student Steve Kramp, Oct. 5, 5pm, (IWP readings also Oct. 19 & 26,

5pm), no radio • Jonathan Lethem reads from his new novel, *Fortress of Solitude*, Oct. 6 • Writers’ Workshop grads Katy Lederer and Rachel Zucker read from their new books, Oct. 7 • Barbara Croft reads from her new historical novel, *Moon’s Crossing*, Oct. 10 • Edward P. Jones reads from his new novel, *The Known World*, Oct. 13 • Don Harstad reads from *Long December*, another of his Iowa-based crime novels, Oct. 14 • Caldecott Medal winner Peggy Rathmann talks about her new book, *The Day the Babies Crawled Away*, Oct. 15, 3:30pm • Workshop grad Tom Piazza reads from his first novel, *My Cold War*, Oct. 15 • English historian and journalist Andro Linklater reads from *Measuring America: How the United States was Shaped by the Greatest Land Sale in History*, Oct. 17 • Mississippi novelist and fire-fighter Larry Brown reads from his new novel, *Rabbit Factory*, Oct. 20 • Sena Naslund, of *Ahab’s Wife* fame, reads from her new novel, *Four Spirits*, Oct. 22 • Nigerian novelist Chimamonda Adichie reads from *Purple Hibiscus*, Oct. 24 • From the Mennonite community in Kalona Iowa, novelist Evie Miller Yoder reads from her first novel, *Eyes at the Window*, Oct. 27 • Controversial Israeli poet Aharon Shabtai reads from his new volume of poetry, *J’Accuse*, Oct. 28 • Iowa writer Susan Allen Toth reads from her new work of nonfiction, *Leaning Into the Wind*, Oct. 29 • Husband and wife fiction writing team Julie Orringer and Ryan Harty read from their new collections of stories, Oct. 30.

40 Schaeffer Hall
UI campus, Iowa City

“Media, Culture, and the Sexy Girl,” Meenakshi Gigi Durham, UI associate professor of journalism and mass communication, Oct. 4, 10am • “Tandem Stories: Traveling Iceland By-cycle,” Steve Thunder-McGuire, UI associate professor of art and art history, Oct. 18, 10am.

Shambaugh Auditorium
UI Main Library, Iowa City

Bob Shacochis, fiction reading, Oct. 17, 2pm.

Shambaugh House
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-0416

Janusz Bardach Memorial Reading with Kate Gleeson, Polish essayist and philosopher Agata Bielik, Hungarian poet and fiction writer Gabor Szanto, and Lithuanian poet and journalist Gintaras Grajauskas, Oct. 3, 5pm • International Writing Program reading, Oct. 24, 5pm

UI Art Bldg.
UI campus, Iowa City

Ceramic artists Tim Rowan and Jeff Shapiro give a slide show and discussion of their work, Oct. 2, 8pm, Room E109 • Artist-in-residence Christopher Cozier artist’s talk, Oct. 9, 7:30pm, Room E109.

UI Museum of Art
150 North Riverside Dr., Iowa City, 335-1727

“KSUI Know the Score Live,” Trinidad artist Chris Cozier; Anthony Arnone and Hannah Holman, UI School of Music cello faculty members; IWP writers, Oct. 3, 5-7pm • Open studio, artist-in-residence Christopher Cozier, Oct. 11, 2-4pm • Christopher Cozier presents *Blue Soap and Sound System*, Oct. 16, 7:30pm • Marguerite Byrum reading, Oct. 23, 7:30pm • Kathryn Floyd, gallery talk, Oct. 30, 7:30pm.

Van Allen Hall
Lecture Room II, UI campus, Iowa City

Carl Phillips, poetry reading, Oct. 9, 8pm • Nate Mackey, poetry reading, Oct. 16, 8pm • Jim Harrison, fiction and poetry reading, Oct. 17, 8pm • Lorrie Moore, fiction reading, Oct. 23, 8pm.

Women’s Resource & Action Center
130 N. Madison St., Iowa City, 335-1486

Support & discussion groups (pre-registration required)
“Coming Out Support Group,” Tuesdays 6:30-8pm (join no later than Oct. 7) • “Recovering from Abuse: Rebuilding Your Life,” Wednesdays 6-7:30pm beginning Oct. 1 (join no later than Oct. 8) • “Pregnancy Support Group,” Thursdays 6-7:30pm beginning Oct. 2 (join no later than Oct. 9) • “Discovering Your Feminine Spirituality,” Tuesdays 6:45-8:15pm beginning Oct. 7 (join no later than Oct. 14) • “Lesbian Reading Group,” every third Friday 5:30-7pm beginning Oct. 10 (join no later than Oct. 17) • “In Her Own Words,” nine-week journaling discussion group, Wednesdays 6-7pm beginning Oct. 15 (join no later than Oct. 22) • “Eating Disorders Support Group,”

Tuesdays 7-8:30pm beginning Oct. 28 (join no later than Nov. 4).

EVENTS/FESTIVALS

Love Your Body Day
Oct. 15, 10am-7pm, location TBA, call 248-0032

A day of workshops including the following topics: Yoga, Partner Massage, Fat and Fabulous, Home Birthing, Cannabis and Health, and more. From noon to 1pm, bring a sack lunch and rap about Slow Food. Presented by Ruby’s Pearl. Part of a national promotion by the NOW Foundation

MISC.

Coralville Farmers Market
S.T. Morrison Park, swimming pool parking lot, 354-3006
Monday-Thursday, 5-8pm, through Oct. 10.

CSPS
1103 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 364-1580
Paul Engle’s Birthday, Oct. 12, Paul Engle Center • Off the Wall, fund-raiser and auction, Oct. 18.

Hancher Auditorium
UI campus, Iowa City, 335-1160
Dedication of Susan Hancher garden, with comments by UI President Emeritus Willard Boyd Oct. 9, 1pm.

Iowa City Farmers Market
Chauncey Swan Parking Ramp, corner of Washington and Gilbert streets, Iowa City
Wednesdays 5:30-7:30pm and Saturdays 7:30-11:30am, through October.

CLASSES

Kent Park
Rural Oxford (Highway 6, west of Tiffin), 645-2315
Nature Photography class, Oct. 11, 8am-12pm, Conservation Education Center, to register call 645-2315.

Riverside Theatre
213 N. Gilbert St., Iowa City, 338-7672
Theater classes; children to adults, beginners to professionals; acting, directing, playwriting and more; meet once a week for four to six weeks beginning Oct. 11; call to register or for more info.

Theatre Cedar Rapids
102 Third St. SE, Cedar Rapids, 366-8592
Youtheatre SPLASH Class, ages 6 to 11, meets Saturdays, Oct. 4-25, 12:30-3pm, call to register • “Flat Building and Scenic Carpentry Basics,” Oct. 19, 2pm • “Painting in the Theatre (or Your Bathroom),” Oct. 26, 2pm.

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LIBRA (Sept 23–Oct 22) I normally advise people to live on their pay-check, avoid debt, enter into long-term financial commitments rarely and cautiously and not put too much pressure on shared, communal resources. However, this month, I would say Librans are well-advised to take the long-term view, financially. Demands, opportunities and the general complexity of the situation you face all combine to suggest that the best thing might be to take out a loan or get a mortgage and buy a house or otherwise gamble on your own future. Prudently.



SCORPIO (Oct 23–Nov 21) Scorpions need control over their environment. Without a little control over their situation, sensitive and vulnerable Scorpio can be easily overwhelmed. Scorpio is now being asked to retain control by trusting in their partners. Efforts to retain direct personal control will mire you, again, in problems you left behind a long time ago. I do not, of course, mean blind trust. Just remember Ronald Reagan's advice: Trust but verify. It's not like Scorpions would be in the dark anyway. They have a secret line into the minds of their partners.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22–Dec 21) The status quo isn't comfortable. You have power but you can't safely exercise it. For every move you could make there is a reason not to act. Money is tight. The boss' priorities "differ" from yours. Things that are going well in your environment aren't helpful to you. Decisive moves are impossible. All this means that big changes are coming; you must prepare for them. Make your own peace of mind a priority, avoid trouble in the present and do what you can to build for the future.



CAPRICORN (Dec 22–Jan 19) The last couple of years and the tangled situation that now surrounds you have given you lots to think about. The temptation might be to fret and brood, to re-immersing yourself in problems you were lucky to get beyond. You might be tempted to take the present situation as somehow normal and acceptable. The stars suggest not. It would be best to move on, to take some new risks, strike out in new, creative directions. Or turn the experiences of the last couple of years into inspiration for future projects.



AQUARIUS (Jan 20–Feb 18) Aquarians hold only the glimmerings of real power in October, but can easily excite interest and inspire ideals. However, that inspiration is likely to go wrong. Overexcitement, overreaching, overzealousness will be the most likely outcome of your efforts to get people moving. Whatever you get started will be hard to control, too. You are likely to become unpleasantly entangled in whatever develops. It might be a good time to hang back and do a little naval gazing. Allow your ideas to develop a little bit more. Let circumstances mature.



PISCES (Feb 19–March 20) Progress is possible in October. However, your successes are likely to be in matters of detail, small but important pieces in the groundwork for your larger goals. But that's good. Your real goals are very ambitious and it is important to lay a good foundation. This is not a good time for big steps or finalizing big agreements. Even if you managed to force the situation in ways that you prefer, I think, over time, you would find it counterproductive. Any big agreements finalized now would ultimately hold you back.



ARIES (March 21–April 19) Aries are extroverts, but they feel and think more deeply than people generally know. The planets are stimulating the introverted side of their nature now, and it would be best if Aries cooperated. It is very tempting to renew long-term arrangements with old partners. You might also feel a lot of pressure to do so. However, it would be best to keep the future open. When those inner changes you should now be working on are complete, you will want much greater freedom than these old alliances would allow.



TAURUS (April 20–May 20) Taureans are known for going their own way, no matter what. This makes them reliable, predictable and, sometimes, annoying. But they will stubbornly oppose the wishes and confound the expectations of just about everyone in October. Taureans might even annoy themselves as they go against their own habits and inclinations. Taureans should chart a new course that serves their own aspirations. Hardly anyone will agree with you. You might seem a little self-centered, but, this month, Taurus knows best. Your choices will bring progress for everyone in the end.



GEMINI (May 21–June 20) Gemini has a lot of leverage this month and their luck will stay strong for some time. Geminis appear to have their own private inside track. You also have a lot of surprisingly accurate insight into events. Many people in your life will be trying to push things in what you correctly sense is the wrong direction. Given the stakes and the resistance you would likely run into, it is probably best that you keep your opinions more or less to yourself and pursue your goals quietly behind the scenes.



CANCER (June 21–July 22) Cancerians will be pulled by many strong and conflicting currents in October. The signals will be confusing and you won't have much power over the situation. There will be a lot of temptation and social pressure to choose in favor of your personal pleasure, also. However, to succeed this month you must choose in favor of broad cooperation and the higher good, despite the urge to do otherwise. That little voice in the back of your mind might be the only thing indicating this course, but that little voice is right.



LEO (July 23–Aug 22) A confused and perilous love life, mixed signals coming in loud and clear on all frequencies, an urge to spend your savings and max out your credit cards, a longing to escape to far-off places—conflicting with a strong inclination to hide and brood over your problems—does that about cover it? This might seem obvious and boring, but the planets say the best way to weather this storm of confusing circumstances and conflicting impulses is to follow the orders of established authorities. Things will work out for you.



VIRGO (Aug 23–Sept 22) It is Virgo's turn to win. Not because all the obstreperous, extravagant and disorderly partners, lovers, family members and associates have suddenly become cooperative and economical. Nor because all the power brokers in your life have suddenly become reasonable and accommodating. It is, rather, because luck is now on your side. You also have a clear sense of how to make things turn out for the best, no matter the problem. Just be careful to take the inclusive, philosophical, long-term view. LV



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Thursday, Oct 2

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Friday, Oct 3

B.F. Burt & the Instigators

Saturday, Oct 4

Dennis McMurrin & the Demolition Band

Monday, Oct 6

Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash*

Wednesday, Oct 8

Clumsy Lovers* CD Release Party

Thursday, Oct 9

G.B. Leighton

Friday, Oct 10

Dick Prall w/ Chris Gilmartin

Saturday, Oct 11

ProtostarR CD Release Party

Thursday, Oct 16

Funkmaster Cracker

Friday, Oct 17

Euforia

Saturday, Oct 18

Stuart Davis* CD Release Party

Thursday, Oct 23

Sympathetic Ink Show

Friday, Oct 24

Bent Scepters\ Diplomats of Solid Sound

Saturday, Oct 25

Star Candy

Thursday, Oct 30

6pm all ages, 10pm 19+

Winegarden + others

Friday, Oct 31

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